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DR. WILLIAM SALTER.

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In every sphere there is one, outranking all others of its class; one Napoleon, one Shakespeare, one law of gravitation, one Washington, one Grant, one Iowa Band, and, as Oliver Wendell Holmes would say, one Last Leaf. I have looked with reverence upon the solitary venerable man whose life Heaven so graciously lengthened out as to leave him the last of the pioneers and founders of Congregationalism in Iowa. Abounding sympathy and imagination are required to place a reader in the environment and among the events of his early life. When he was born, Adams, Jefferson, and other fathers of the Republic had years to live. Lafayette was nowhere near his end. Webster, Clay, and Calhoun had struggles yet to make. Napoleon lived a part of the year in which Dr. Salter was born.

In the career and works of the venerable pastor of Burlington, we have an open book on early Iowa. His life is a long chapter in the genesis of the State. No attempt is made to disassociate him from his part in laying the foundation of a Puritan Commonwealth on the sunset side of the Mississippi, nor from his strong alliance with his associates whose joint work is not matched by anything in the entire annals of the universal church. No one can present Washington apart from his army and the struggle for independence. The effect of any man's life work, his individual success, his influence and power, depend more upon that with which he identifies himself than upon any other single condition whatsoever. Call it greatness, call it fortune, call it providence, the fact remains that Dr. Salter first made his alliances and they together helped make the State, whose history cannot now be written without placing his name on her page of honor.

By the necessities of the case Dr. Salter must be viewed in his representative character. In an encomium given him in October, 1910, at the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States, the highest deliberative body in that denomination, he was eulogized as a devoted minister and leader, "the last of the noble Iowa Band." With the earliest dawn of memory, such sentiment and regard for him and his associates were inculcated in me as a child. They seemed in a class by themselves, of peculiar lineage, different, almost like beings from another world. They would scarcely have been more remarkable to my youthful imagination if a circle of light had been about their heads. That aureole they have never outlived. If prophets from heaven had appeared in my boyhood they would not have been looked over more carefully. More than is true of most mortals, "people have not waited until after their death to anoint them with appreciation." "Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth evermore." I catch that solemn song. I echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph. "Their name liveth evermore." In their main purpose, and in the fruition of their lives, they came close to the ideal. In our wide land, who has surpassed them? What a bundle of history their career binds up!

Dr. Salter's life arches over everything that lies between the rudest beginnings in a territory where still were seen the plain footprints of the savage, and a peerless State having over 2,000,000 people within her borders, with 13,000 school houses valued at \$25,000,000, over 4,000 houses of worship, more than 9,000 miles of railway, and more banks than any other State in the Union. It is not uncommon to see in flaring headlines in papers this caption, "Lost on errors." This means wild pitching, misjudged objects, attempts made foolishly, brilliant games marred by one glaring mistake. But in Dr. William Salter's life there was no false step nor sounding of the wrong note. "In all of my thirty years' residence here," said Mr. LaMonte Cowles, "I have never heard one disparaging word spoken of Dr. Salter. All united in calling him a model Christian gentleman. He was one of the very few men in public life of whom there was but one opinion. He was not only a

very able man but he was a good man." "There never was a citizen," said Judge J. C. Power, "who left his impression so indelibly stamped on Burlington as Dr. Salter." Mr. C. C. Clark affirms, "Dr. Salter came close to the ideal in his test of real, genuine manhood, and his sunny, unspoiled, and optimistic life will always be an inspiration." "During his long life in this community," testifies the Burlington Gazette, "he became its most beloved and revered member. There was none so beyond the pale of decency as to lift up his voice against the Congregational minister."

Such a life is its own eulogy. It uplifts us to hold such a veneration. We feel its ennobling power. It is to many a new view of the clergy. We know what pictures we look up to in the stained glass windows of the churches. In Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, N. Y., where once in the days of his sore trial, Henry Ward Beecher preached in the morning and Dr. Salter in the evening, there is a window setting forth the life and work of the Iowa Band, the overflow of New England, the founding of the Christian college. What a radiance envelops the scene! What a nimbus of light crowns every head! These men carried the traditions and ideals of the Pilgrims to a wilderness where they erected a superlative State. We feel that as Washington was ordained for his work and as God had prepared Lincoln for the critical place he filled in a crisis, so Salter was prepared for great length of days and for his pastorate of sixty-four years by his itinerant work. In that work he received the baptism of the Home Missionary spirit. Here in my library is an entire alcove filled with printed references to the phenomenal work of the Iowa Band, of which Dr. Salter was the youngest member. Grace P. Davis devotes to them a striking chapter in her Congregational Hero Tales. "As an incentive to missionary zeal" the pastor of the church at Nashua, Iowa, publishes an address on the Iowa Band, delivered by a daughter of one of its members before the Ladies' Missionary Society of that church. We have assembled here uncounted reports of missionary addresses where its labors are recited for inspirational effect. It is probable that individual secretaries and other Christian work-

ers can be named that have each referred in public to its work at least a hundred times. More than half of those who composed the membership of this notable band have left to me their accumulations, made through two generations, of historical references to their fruitful and suggestive mission, and I believe it is demonstrated that in giving just the right initiative, at just the right time, in just the right place, the work of Dr. Salter and his associates is without an equal in its outcome in the Protestant history of mankind. I believe that a careful study of Home Missionary undertakings in the entire annals of the church justifies this assertion. It is a crowning achievement. In my mail today is an extended report from the "Montana Band." And what is their model by their own open statement? It is the work of Dr. Salter and his associates.

In settling a place, character often counts more than money. The formative period is the briefest that occurs in history. The secret of stamping any impress on the newer portion of the country is in the keeping of the first permanent settlers who become by that fact historic. On Dr. Salter's coming, Iowa was in the alpha of development. The natural resources of the State predestined it for a great future. He came not to find a place for himself but to make one. The final test of a ministry is its quality. "I cannot play on any stringed instrument," said Themistocles, "but I can tell you how from a small village to make a great and glorious city." So could Dr. Salter. He was Burlington's first citizen. Aside from those who serve or have served in political office, he was the first private citizen of Iowa. A vote of thanks was once passed by a Roman Senate to a certain prominent man and public servant because he did not despair of the city. So Dr. Salter's faith in the most trying hours was like the arbutus in our northern woods, blooming and fragrant in the chilly atmosphere of a tardy spring.

If you would see his monument, look around. There is Burlington. Mark Iowa itself. His influence lay in what he was himself. His power was felt in every matter that concerned the good of the community. His character had the proper poise, the native dignity, the self respect, which, with

a certain solidity in his attainments were altogether unique in their combination. He was always on the right side of every public question. He served often upon public committees to which had been assigned difficult duties. It was not only what he did but the way he did it that made him distinguished among his fellow citizens. Had he been a weaker man, we might look to find mysteries about his character and career. As it is, everything is plain, straightforward, substantial. He went west and entered upon a career projected by nothing except inherent energy and high resolve. Who will take up the suspended service? I here venture to say that no one man can do it; but if one could, he would be surprised to find how much of his labor was for the good of others. Dr. Salter's life is a complete fresh volume on the evidences of Christianity. His fine personal appearance, his well-rounded, distinguished head, his intelligence and attention made him a marked man anywhere. On his death, I happened to meet the editor of our leading denominational paper, who spoke warmly of his handsome appearance, of his affable, companionable nature, and of his pleasing address. What a guest he was! What a friend! On such points I want to be heard. One of the last acts was to direct to me, with trembling hand, some memorabilia concerning his first work in Iowa. He followed this with a short, beautiful letter, and knowing that the sands of his life were spent he added, feebly, the single word, "Adieu." His character was an achievement. His career contains an earnest lesson to young men. His whole life would lend itself to treatment in a volume upon Success and One of Its Achievers. One chapter would deal with falling to work while young. He did not wait until his best years were gone before he closed in upon his task. Education will some way have to be readjusted so that a man can begin his special lifework before so many of his years are behind him.

In a close analysis of the career of Dr. Salter it is revealed that while many men do not undertake professional life until twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, he was only twenty-one when on September 3, 1843, he received his instructions in the South Church at Andover. He was

only twenty-one when he made his address in the First Presbyterian Church at Buffalo. He was only twenty-one when he was ordained and preached his first sermons in Iowa. When but twenty-one years of age, he had made a beginning on ground visited today by the curious, who desire to know of the log house where he wrote his first sermons and the kitchen which was of necessity his small study.

Another thing set out in the life of Dr. Salter is the desirability of having a vocation and an avocation. By the first of these, a man earns a livelihood; by the second he refreshes, rejuvenates his mind, extends his influence, and often gains earthly immortality. Dr. Salter's vocation was the ministry; his avocation was history. No man was more diligent in his vocation, and no man better used his avocation to reinforce his vocation and extend its scope, its attractiveness, its power. His studies in history are apparent in all his addresses. They attracted attendants to his church and gave permanence and value to his writings. His sermons are not evangelistic nor hortatory. They are instructive and cultural. In his later ministry he was not so much taken up with the supernatural as he was with the spiritual. His famous sermon on "The Human Hand," while it is unique, is still characteristic, as it is always fair to illustrate by an extreme case. "When a man reveals his character and intention we say 'He shows his hand.' To give sense and meaning to a letter, to make your check valid or your last will and testament, you sign with your hand. The training of the hand is the chief part of education. Whoever has a winning and skillful hand and will use it for his own benefit, or for that of others, may come to his own advantage and to the advancement of the world. If one does good or bad, it is usually the hand that does it and makes him worthy of credit or blame. Without a guilty hand, crimes would be comparatively few. Deadly weapons would do no murder nor the intoxicating cup have a victim. How many trades are plied with the fingers! The spinner, the weaver, the compositor, the player upon instruments, the writer with his pen or with a machine, the artist with his brush, or the sculptor with his chisel, performs the finest movements with

rapidity and precision by means of the fingers. Observe also the padding or cushion attached to the palm of the hand and to the finger tips to help in the ease, comfort, and safety of work. 'Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands.' Upon the death of Abraham Lincoln a cast was made of his strong and massive hand and reproduced in marble by the sculptor Volk. A fine poet said:

'Look on this cast, and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold;
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was—how large of mold.' "

No one could forget a sermon like this. Its value is no more transient than its effect. The same characteristic pervades his sermon on Melancthon, on the Bible, on James, the Lord's Brother, on the Spirit of the Christ, and on Bishop Butler. When a boy, I heard this last address. The imprint on my memory is ineffaceable, and here is the reason that I class Dr. Salter as an educator. In his ministry, he was for nearly two generations a teacher. No one could attend his services without being instructed. There were public men, public school teachers, college graduates, and highly intellectual people in his congregation, and he set for himself a task to lead their thought. He openly stated on going to Burlington that he preferred that field, as it gave him a chance and was in harmony with his inclination to lead a scholar's life. He was by far the most bookish man among his associates. He was even willing to relinquish certain appointments and honors and forms of ecclesiastical office, if they displaced study, overturned his literary habits, and exiled him from his library. His writing was of a character that required great research. This is true of all work in the realm of history. A man must dig for his facts. He must be exact. He must have infinite patience. I have known Dr. Salter when in Salem to spend a day in verifying a single statement in one of his treatises on history. Most ministers know what it is to write a sermon at a single sitting. Many a clergyman writes a homily that is an

exhortation just as you would write a letter. But look at those topics named above! They are the prevailing type of Dr. Salter's ministry, and it will be plainly seen that they could not be produced by a little hurried work on Sunday morning or between the services on Sunday afternoon.

I can name no other clergyman that makes such infrequent use of anecdotes for illustration as did Dr. Salter. Religious stories can be acquired like second-hand windows and doors, which are put sometimes into cheap buildings. The demand for these illustrations is such that on visiting the book stores in Boston and London, a man can buy a shelf, perhaps even an alcove, of them. A borrowed illustration in one of Dr. Salter's discourses would have appeared grotesque. The New England mind if left to itself conjectures that preachers on the frontier were loud. Not so. Dr. Salter was gentle, well-mannered, ruling his tongue, and showing invariable refinement. Here was his power. This is the reason that he stood as an exemplar in the new territory. His style of rhetoric resembled that of Antony who said, "I am no orator as Brutus is. I only speak right on." But I like that kind of address best if Antony speaks as well as Shakespeare makes him speak. There is now no style of oratory that is distinctly "Western." If there were, Dr. Salter would not exemplify it. We know what his first sermon in the West was after his ordination. It had the quality of nicety. It was fine, choice. He might have preached it the next Sunday to divinity students in Cambridge, and he could not have chosen better. In 1843 the people of the West greatly preferred an educated ministry, but they must have religious teachers of some kind, and so sometimes were forced to put men into the ministry in six months or a year after their conversion. But the Missionary Society that was behind Dr. Salter in his beginnings determined to advance no farther or faster than it could go with the guidance of men who had been specially trained for their work. It stood for an educated ministry and undertook the responsibility of furnishing it for that territory for which Jefferson had paid three and a half cents an acre. The words used by the City Council of Burlington when it came to take action on Dr. Salter's death are

suggestive. "He has taught good morals and sound principles." "His teaching" is referred to again in the short paragraph, showing that politicians, men of affairs, who knew Dr. Salter as a citizen almost unconsciously used words that made him prominent as an educator.

In early days help could not be obtained, and many parents needed for home duties the assistance of their sons and daughters. Then boys and girls, with so many positions and wants about them, fell out of the ranks as scholars at the end of the grammar school; and as the high school was the privilege of some and not of all, there were many good people who felt that, as the higher education was enjoyed relatively by few, it should be paid for by those who were directly benefited by it. Now that the high school is accepted as a regular institution in every community, there are many of our younger citizens who do not know what battles were fought and heroic efforts made to secure this crown offered now by every town and city. Dr. Salter from the first was the champion of the high school. He was determined, patient, forceful, and tactful. He molded public opinion. He held up the ideal. He rallied the forces. He carried the day. It was at the time a great achievement. No man can take his crown. The effect on citizenship in the State is beyond computation. He was a member of the school board when both the North Hill and the South Hill schools were erected. In the 50's he and the rector of the Episcopal church arranged the grades in the public schools. On November 13, 1908, he laid the corner-stone of the new \$150,000 high school as he had laid that of the first high school forty years before. It has been accepted as a fact that it was his influence and suggestion that inclined Senator James W. Grimes in 1868 to found by a gift of \$5,000 the Burlington Library. Dr. Salter, Senator Grimes, Henry W. Starr, Dr. W. B. Chamberlain, Dr. Philip Harvey, and others effected its incorporation. When it passed from a subscription library into a larger life by being transferred to the city in 1885, Dr. Salter became a trustee. He served for a number of years as president of the board of trustees, resigning only when forced to do so by the weight of years. Himself a lover of books, he

fostered the library until it became the third largest in the State. He knew books and for many years almost every volume passed through his hands. As President Lowell of Harvard College has pointed out, a library is something more than an aggregation of printed matter in covers. It is a collection of books plus the personality, the taste, and the judgment of the man that assembles them. To choose a library is the consummate work of scholarship. The library in Burlington, because of his taste and breadth, has character and value, and includes the finest and best things that exist in our literature. In the resolution of esteem in the record of the annual session of July, 1908, the trustees say, "This co-worker of ours was eminently fitted for the position of public trust; his knowledge in all matters concerning library administration, his profound literary attainments, his productive genius, all qualified him most admirably to render the best services to the cause of free education as represented by the public library. Among the liberal donors to the good and standard literary treasures, he is second to none. His many gifts are and always will be of the highest value. We would suggest that the Mayor of the city of Burlington be asked to appoint Dr. Salter an honorary member for life of the Board of Trustees of the Burlington Free Public Library, in consideration of his merits, for the cause of free education and the public welfare."

As Mr. A. C. Hutchinson has pointed out, "Dr. Salter was always bigger than his own church. His mental equipment was of the highest order." His influence and his abiding interest were manifest in all the things that made for the good of the city and the State. His work as an educator is perpetuated in three strong, important, dominating institutions of sound learning that are winning their ever-widening way. It will be seen in these pages that he was one of the secretaries at the meeting in 1854 that founded the beloved and vital Chicago Theological Seminary. Another institution, Denmark Academy, perpetuates his influence and fame. The people of Denmark, Iowa, have led almost an idyllic life. The place from the first has taken a leading part in improving the minds of the young. It has done much for the youth of that section of the

State, and the reflex effect on the community has been benign in the extreme. The place has a special atmosphere and spirit. It is clean, temperate, moral, wholesome. In an early day its tide turned irresistibly toward education. Dr. Salter was a chief factor in founding its famous academy, which has become the mother of good citizens, teachers, ministers, missionaries, and reformers. To say that he was a trustee does not necessarily carry a tithe of the truth. He was an adviser, a helper, a staunch and devoted friend. Then there is Iowa College at Grinnell. In October, 1910, the first issue was made of any publication distinctively representing Grinnell College in which it could be said that all those who laid its foundations were no more. Unclasp the book of memory. Call the roll of the pioneers, Turner, Reed, Emerson, Holbrook, Gaylord. These are familiar sounds, but the men are gone, all gone. Summon the members of the Iowa Band. Not one is left to respond for Dr. Salter and his associates. For many months Dr. Salter alone remained of all the Congregational patriarchs in Iowa, to behold the rapid unfolding of his work with that of others in church and college. Imagination pictures a day when those who have composed the Grand Army of the Republic will be reduced to a solitary survivor, to witness the development of the great country which he, with others, sacrificed to save. It is a striking fact that at only the 1910 commencement of Grinnell College Dr. Salter stood alone in the world, having outlasted all who were associated with him in laying the foundations of that noble institution. His name appears in all the catalogues for the first sixteen years. Opening his papers almost at random, we are carried back sixty-four years and find the first president of the college, as things developed, in close and full correspondence with him. Later, the man who became president enumerates to Dr. Salter six items of business for consideration, naming, "second, Removal of the College. We have been injured grossly by the City Council (at Davenport). We cannot be secure from the dismemberment of our ground. I am for removing to Grinnell or Muscatine." It is very pleasant to notice which place was his first choice.

It is written that when the representative of the evil forces of the world, Satan, appeared to Martin Luther in his cell, he threw his ink bottle at him. So Dr. Salter became famous by the use he made of ink in overcoming evil and establishing the right. Evidences appear in all his writings that he felt, on reaching Iowa, when immigrants were crossing the river by thousands, that the times were so stirring they must be momentous in the country's annals and that history was being made with wondrous rapidity. His mental attitude and his rule were, "File your papers; these are historic days; future generations will want to know what men now do and think and say." He kept a diary which is priceless. We find the cost of everything. He left a minute record touching the field and environment of all his ten associates, most of whom he visited as they were making beginnings in 1844.

It is a general truth that a man is not allowed to be a leader and an authority in two successive generations. The period for which most persons may keep at the head of things in the world of thought and action is very brief. Here Dr. Salter proved to be a conspicuous exception. Most of his books are a growth. He did not say, "Go to, I'll be an author." It is his most striking characteristic that everything is matured before it is stated. His thinking is steady and strong. He had uncommon force of mind. He was a man of great industry. He kept his work right before him all the time. His work was so finished that it could be used in print, and it found its way there by way of the pulpit or of some conspicuous public occasion. His "Iowa, The First Free State in the Louisiana Purchase," began with an address June, 1873, at the anniversary of the State Historical Society. Other studies followed, but this admirable history, interesting, compact, graphically written, and inspiring, did not see the light until after he was more than fourscore. At length he enables his readers to reach a sightly place and to survey the field and its labors in the beginnings of this Puritan State. The story needed telling. It is exceptionally well done. The style at many points resembles that of Mr. Bancroft. The volume comprises the best of everything. The whole book is written on such a plane

that when a citation is made from some learned and gifted author no abrupt change is made in the general level of the composition.

In his biography of James W. Grimes, we do not see what could be added to make it more complete. We would not suffer it to be shorter; it need not be longer; and we do not wish it different. It seems not to relate all that his subject ever did or said, but with the smallest array of facts possible reveals the real spirit and innermost quality of the life. A master can choose essentials and omit details, but he must be a master. Dr. Salter's work stands one test, that of being quoted. It is much consulted in the libraries in the various towns by the pupils in the schools. An ingenious New Englander, some years since, compiled a list of 1,000 names that have risen above mediocrity—names of persons, whose lives anyone assuming to be acquainted with American history might know something about without consulting an encyclopedia. In this table of a thousand names, Iowa is credited with but two, and it was the good fortune of Dr. Salter to be the biographer of one of them, James W. Grimes. Grimes uttered in the U. S. Senate in 1866, this striking sentence—"I have lived in three different territories, under three territorial governments, although I have resided in the same town (Burlington) all the time." Teachers often refer to this statement in their efforts to interest their pupils in historical research, and Dr. Salter's book is in much demand in their study of the speaker. They find that during the Revolution, Iowa was Spanish soil. In 1801 she had passed to Napoleon and the French. In 1803, as a part of the Louisiana Purchase, she came under American control. Later, from 1812 to 1821, she was joined to Missouri as a part of Missouri Territory. In 1834 Michigan claimed her as part of the Territory of that name, and two years later, in 1836, she was a corner of Wisconsin. It was not until 1838 that Iowa ceased to be a part of something and came into the possession of a name and identity all her own. A study like that quickens in many young minds a worthy desire to peruse the more prosaic pages of our heavier history. A charm pervades all

the pages of Dr. Salter's book and lingers in the mind after it is at length reluctantly laid down.

In printing many of Dr. Salter's writings, the bookmaker's art is handsomely exemplified. From among his publications we separate no one masterpiece. I have read them all,—some of them several times, and, whichever one it is, I always say I like best the one that I read last. The secret of his work is first in the plain narrative itself. He is a strong word-painter. Second, by leaving out multitudinous details, the picture comes out so vividly as to be surprising even to students of history. Third, more local color is given to the author's descriptions than most other authors can use. Fourth, he always tried to infer what use could be made of a fact before he put it down. It was not enough for him to know that a thing was simply true. His inquiry was, "Well, what of it?" This bent of mind was shown when Mr. Edgar R. Harlan, Curator of the Historical Department of Iowa, took up with him the advisability of placing a marker at the burial place of Black Hawk. Dr. Salter vigorously inveighed against anything which would tend to perpetuate the name, or by any possibility give credit to the fame, of an Indian who was a cold-blooded murderer of infants and women, and the wounded and helpless in battle. And when the founder of the Historical Department, the late Charles Aldrich, proposed the acquisition of the portrait of Abner Kneeland for the Historical Department, Dr. Salter was strenuous in his resistance to the apotheosis of the free thinker, against whom he had delivered some of his first and best blows on Iowa soil.

Dr. Salter gained power as an author because he specialized on history and biography. In each department in which he wrought he printed only such work as stands easily first.

"COME OVER AND HELP US."

At the age of twenty-one, Dr. Salter received what he repeatedly termed a divine call, obedience to which brought him to Iowa. This he affirms was in a letter from Asa Turner which, as I write, I hold in my left hand. It is, by interpreta-

tion of godly men, especially when viewed in its effects, a sacred and it now appears almost a holy thing. It is like a chapter of the Book of Acts. To Iowa this letter is at length to go, to be preserved as an object of veneration. Those who know its import will find few things surpassing it as a suggestive letter, touching the moral, educational, and spiritual development of a great State. Dr. Ephraim Adams held that Asa Turner was the instrument under God of bringing into a new territory at one time the largest accession of men from one place that the country had ever known; and that no field now remains for a repetition of that unequaled enterprise.

Asa Turner, who is the father of Congregationalism in Iowa, preached the first sermon ever delivered by a Congregationalist in this territory. A little colony of good men had been established at Denmark with the distinct purpose of extending the kingdom of Christ and of founding an academy. They invited him to come over from Quincy, Illinois, where he had founded a church of fifteen members. Rev. David Nelson, author of the "Cause and Cure of Infidelity," and the hymn "My Days are Gliding Swiftly By," which, as we shall see, is to have, as a hymn, a career of its own in Iowa, had helped him. Asa Turner recognized in this a divine call and obeyed. He crossed the Mississippi, and gave for the first years of his ministry at Denmark one-half of his time to his church and the other half to the American Home Missionary Society as its agent for Iowa. He was enabled by personal exploration to catalogue twelve needy and important fields that required missionary labors. "Twelve, then," he wrote, "is the least number that will supply this territory in any tolerable degree; and my firm belief is, that if the churches of the East love the cause of Zion and the prosperity of our common country, and men cannot be obtained from other sources, those now well settled in New England had better leave their flocks and come and aid in laying the moral and intellectual foundations of this (will-be) great state." "I count myself happy," said Dr. Salter, "that this trumpet-call for Iowa, and for the founding of the kingdom of Christ in Iowa, reverberated a thousand miles afar among the hills of Andover, a

heavenly voice, and started one and another in that school of the prophets to say: 'Here am I; send me!'

One of Dr. Salter's classmates, the lamented Dr. Daniel Lane, the assistant librarian of the seminary, was the first to decide to go. The library then became a sort of rallying point. For fear of fire, as there was so much paper about, the use of lights was, by rule, forbidden in the library. The young men who were thinking of Iowa met in the dark "up stairs, first alcove to the left," where some chairs had been made ready for any who might come. Undistinguishable forms would quietly glide into position in this meeting, and the new attendants could only be identified as they asked a question or led in audible prayer. In those primitive days summer vacations were unknown. They graduated September 5, 1843. The exercises were held in the South Church in Andover, which was filled in every part. A song was composed for the occasion with words suggestive of their field, the prairie where hardly a fence had been built or a furrow turned.

"Where through broad lands of green and gold,
The Western rivers roll their waves,
Before another year is told,
We find our homes; perhaps, our graves."

They received their instructions from the Home Missionary Society in the South Church in Andover, September 3d.* And it is a most phenomenal fact that, while they all came to Iowa, yet after leaving New England they were never again assembled at any time in one place. Nine of them by agreement met in Buffalo on Saturday the seventh of October, 1843.

Hill and Ripley came along in the spring of 1844. The former was detained for the winter in settling the estate of his father. The latter, the best classical scholar in the company, who became the first professor in the college that they founded, tarried a few months for special study. They took the train for Buffalo, the last real Eastern city. That was then the end of railway travel westward. From Schenectady the

*The men from Andover in the order of their ages were, Harvey Adams, Edwin B. Turner, Daniel Lane, Erastus Ripley, James J. Hill, Benjamin A. Spaulding, Alden B. Robbins, Horace Hutchinson, Ephraim Adams, Ebenezer Alden, and William Salter. They were from six different States and eight colleges.



MARY A. MACKINTIRE AND WILLIAM SALTER, 1845
(From a daguerreotype)

road had a snake-head track, that is, an iron strap spiked on to a wooden rail. On Sunday, in an hour of great privilege, they sat together in communion at the Lord's table with the first Presbyterian church. A rousing public meeting was held in the evening, and five of the young men were introduced and made brief addresses,—Salter, Robbins, E. Adams, Hutchinson, and Lane. The Buffalo Gazette, October 10, 1843, says:

“We cannot refrain from saying that we have seldom seen so many men banded together in an enterprise, who seemed to possess such sterling good sense, and humble, quiet characters, coupled with firmness and decision, as did these young men.”

There is an Eastern spirit and a Western spirit, and to this point we will have occasion later to return. In Dr. Salter's day at Andover it is found that he walked not one day with a certain member of his class, and the next day with another, and so on through the company. That was not the Eastern custom. There was a general friendship and a genuine feeling of respect for all his associates, but the Eastern habit of the time was for men in their afternoon walk to Sunset Hill to go by pairs; not merely as friends, but as friends in particular, as rather constant chums. Thus it will be seen throughout their early association, that Dr. Salter and Rev. E. B. Turner were close companions by confirmed choice in an election of the heart. They were sometimes called David and Jonathan, and often referred to as Damon and Pythias, and the close intimacy was extremely creditable to both. By common consent it was simply assumed that they must go to the same place for entertainment in Buffalo. In all matters of the heart, Dr. Salter was immune. His Padan-aram was Charlestown, Massachusetts. It will be noted that in hospitality particular courtesy fell to Salter and Turner. They were invited into the home of the pastor himself, where Turner entirely lost his heart to Miss Brush, a member of Mr. Hopkins's household, a lady of bright spirits and winning ways. From that face he could never look away. “Whither thou goest, I will go, where thou lodgest, I will lodge, where thou diest, I will die,

and there will I be buried. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God. The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." As Oliver Wendell Holmes would say, basing his figure upon the well-worn paths of Boston Common, they took the long walk together, and went hand in hand for fifty years, lacking but eleven days.

From Buffalo the good boat, the Missouri, was taken for Chicago, and as another Sunday drew on apace it happened that an opportunity was given to go ashore, and keep the sacred day after the best traditions of New England. But with a new-found Western spirit, they decided to go on, and upon that "day, of all the week the best," received a terrific rocking which made them in their distress wish that they had been true to their consciences. Chicago was a low, marshy, malarial, uninviting place. It had not a mile of railway, though in Dr. Salter's last visit to the city beside the lakes, there were forty thousand miles of railway track polished by busy traffic and nearly two thousand passenger trains sweeping in and out every day. Five years before Chicago had a single Congregational church, these men had founded more than a score in Iowa. The city lay straggling along the river front, mostly of frame houses and store-buildings. Here Dr. Salter and his companions met two farmers who had brought wheat to Chicago in lumber wagons from central Illinois. Arrangements were made for passage in these canvas-covered prairie schooners. Rough boards were placed across the wagon-box for seats and in the body of the wagon were placed their trunks, books, and other impedimenta. The next Sunday was passed at Galesburg, where they had the same experience as at Buffalo of finding their hotel bills paid. Forty miles per day had been their average rate of travel. Three weeks had been consumed in a journey now luxuriously done in thirty-six hours. On Monday morning the journey was resumed, and at night the dark silent stream of the Mississippi was at their feet. The ferry boat of that day had made its final trip and could not be induced by shouts and signals to return to the Illinois shore. Notice how the company now divides. Salter volunteers to abide by the stuff, while the others cross in a

shapeless canoe, which they loaded to the water's edge. If Salter stays behind with the "plunder," as they call it, who would be inclined to stay with him? Of course, his unfailing chum, the inevitable Turner.

The exclusiveness of this friendship, as we have shown, is not invidious; it is a finer thing. It is simply Eastern, and in the atmosphere of the time would be understood and expected. There were other congenial pairs among these men. Robbins and Hutchinson: Robbins named his son, now living at Eugene, Oregon, Horace Hutchinson Robbins. Lane and Hill, who taught school together, were another pair. That school I have visited while engaged in collecting materials upon the life and works of Dr. Salter and his associates. Salter and Turner went together to their field of labor, Salter being located first in Jackson county, then at Burlington. He left Turner in a position where he turned to Holbrook, of Dubuque, for sympathy. Holbrook, on becoming secretary of the Home Missionary Society of New York, induced Turner to return to New York State, where he found his wife and located at Owego.

Salter and Turner passed the night in a rude chalet which they found standing among the trees. They built a fire, and the two guardians of all the property of the Iowa Band fell asleep.

On the morning of Tuesday, October 24, 1843, William Salter first looked across the Father of Waters and saw the future scene of his immortal labors, the Burlington which he was to make, and which was to make him, bathed in the golden light of the rising sun. Along the river front stretched a row of wooden warehouses. Back of them rose the rocky hills clad in autumn glory. There was natural, rugged beauty, which the city does not now possess. Not a church spire was to be seen for, although "Old Zion" had been used for legislative, political, educational, and religious purposes, no spire yet pointed toward the sky. Dr. Salter said the sight of that mighty, silently-flowing stream impressed him more deeply than did the great roaring Niagara. When a man's heart is

lifted up there is no other such suggestive scene as a majestic river, always arriving, always departing. The cities of great beauty are situated upon rivers. Paris has the Seine, London the Thames, Rome the Tiber, Cologne the German Rhine. The matchless stream which laves the water front of Burlington and which, with its tributaries, would reach three times around the globe, was to have a great place in the hearts of these noble men. Who can forget the way it seems to depart from its course to visit Muscatine, and the appearance of the great bend as seen from the window of the study Dr. Robbins occupied so many years? To the surprise of the men of Burlington, Dr. Salter early built his house upon the south hill in that city that he might look across the great river and be charmed with the extended panorama.

The five men who had crossed the river on the night of Monday, October 23d, found their way to a small second-class hotel called the Western House. It was the best hostelry the place afforded and was conducted by James Nealley. It was situated on the southwest corner of Fourth and Jefferson streets, later the site of the Lawrence House. The proprietor told them that all his apartments were taken, and that the best he could promise was to hang them on a nail.

We are now at the Mayflower period in the Pilgrim history of a territory which the maps of those days show extended northward to the British possessions. A bigger tonnage fraught with higher destinies is being transported than has ever before touched the thither shore of the King of Rivers. The living freight brought to a wilderness, "laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God."

"Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
Nor the trumpet that sings of fame."

The first man to extend a welcome to Salter and Turner was Mr. James G. Edwards, founder and editor of the Hawk-Eye. He had heard of their arrival the night before. He came down to the boat on that Tuesday morning wearing a

broad-brimmed hat of gray color, with a hearty invitation to all the young men to accompany him to his house. Such an invitation was not long debated by those who had passed the night in the scant shelter of the rude shack, and they followed their generous entertainer to his home, then situated at the northwest corner of Main and Court streets, on the site of the present county jail.

Among other early and well-known citizens who extended the hand of welcome to the strangers, were William H. Starr, formerly known to Dr. Salter in the East, and Albert S. Shackford, a dry goods merchant, whom also he had known as a boy in New Hampshire. Mr. Starr dwelt in a frame house on the southwest corner of Fourth and Washington streets, where what is known as the Starr house now stands.

Where Mr. Edwards stowed all the young men away when night came again is incomprehensible. But Dr. Salter states his distinct remembrance is that he himself slept with one or two others in a trundle-bed. The next morning a little incident gave rise to some good-natured pleasantry which probably had in it quite as much tender home feeling as boyish joke. Then, as always since, Dr. Salter was blessed with an aptitude for deep and sweet repose. He did not make his appearance as promptly as the rest at the early morning meal. Upon inquiry for Salter, the youngest of the party, some one explained, "Oh, he's in his little trundle-bed, waiting for his mother to come and wake him." Who can say that thoughts of the mother in the faraway East did not fill the dreams of the young soldier of the cross? But such was the innocent badinage which bound the enthusiastic young students closer together.

As Dr. Robbins had already been ordained in the Tabernacle Church at Salem, Massachusetts, his birthplace, he returned to Burlington to supply the church on that notable Sabbath, November 5, 1843, when the others were ordained at Denmark, and first and last became very familiar with the Western House at Burlington. When he was spending six weeks as the guest of the writer in Salem, notes were taken of his narratives touching his early experi-

ences, for just such use as this. He speaks in surprise and at length of the abundance of everything in Burlington, the largest place in the Territory, and not large at that. He thought there were two bushels of eggs on and about the hotel table, and he leaves a written statement that they could be bought there for 2 1-2 and 3 cents a dozen. He said they were handled and served like clams at a Rhode Island clam-bake.

The ordination of these young men was to come off at Denmark, fifteen miles away. The young men were set apart not by an ecclesiastical council as is the custom, nor by the General Association of Iowa, but by the Denmark Association. Teams from thence had been sent by the dear, good Father Turner to convey them thither. This David Livingstone of home missionaries beyond the great river welcomed them with open arms. The people, having heard that a company of young ministers were to be ordained, came in their rude conveyances from all the surrounding country and packed the rough schoolhouse meeting-house to its capacity.

This building later became the shrine of pilgrim feet. The men ordained there looked back to it as did Pilgrim to the House Beautiful, although, at the time of the ordination, a panel from the front door of the lowly edifice had been kicked out. This House of Prayer had been built with great effort by the colonists. It was twenty-five feet wide and twenty-four feet long. Subsequently sixteen feet were added to its length. It was unpainted, covered with split oak boards four feet long which were smoothed with a drawing knife. The floor was loose, the wall unplastered. The pulpit was made of perpendicular cottonwood boards, two in front and one on each side, with one black walnut board nailed across the top. The whole complete could not have cost a dollar. This gives a limelight picture of the cradle of Congregationalism in Iowa.

The Denmark Church represented all the States in New England except Rhode Island, which State was represented in the congregation. Rev. Julius A. Reed, who was to give to Iowa twenty-five years of conspicuous service as Home Missionary Superintendent, preached the ordination sermon. It

came not from his library, but out of his experience on the prairies. He traveled with a white horse and a chaise with an exceedingly high top. Sometimes at night, when Mr. Reed reached his destination, the horse with the exception of a white ridge along his back was black from floundering in the sloughs which intersected the unbridged roads. But the man whose heart was moved was Asa Turner. He had invited them and was instrumental in their coming. So many who had planned for the Western field had been diverted into Wisconsin and Illinois that he told them plainly he had not expected to see this day. His spirit and utterance were like that of Simeon. As he made the ordination prayer the tears coursed down his cheeks and fell to the floor. The audience was melted by what they heard and felt and saw. Through more than sixty-five years no one was likely to refer to that service without naming the part contributed by Father Turner. Such a contingent had never before, at one time, and together, reached any western State or territory, and such a day had never occurred before in the Christian history of this country. It was like the arrival of Blucher at just the right psychological moment. Such an event was impossible earlier on account of the Indians, not yet out of the State, and for the further reason that the Christian scouts, sometimes called the Sacred Seven, Turner, Reed, Gaylord, Hitchcock, Holbrook, Emerson, and Burnham, had only lately been able to name possible points at which the young missionaries should begin work. There is no half Providence. The doors for the first time were opened on the one hand, and on the other hand, for the first time, the young men were here to enter them.

It was at Denmark that we have the opening act in the tragedy of Rev. W. A. Thompson. It will be remembered that William B. Hammond did not appear at Buffalo, so that the number of the Band was reduced to eleven. Now, by a strange providence, W. A. Thompson, who came to Iowa about the same time, was ordained at Denmark with them, making their number eight. He labored in Davis county and in other places. One of the most striking and mysterious events in the history of these young men was the drowning

of Thompson in Meredosia slough in Illinois. He mysteriously disappeared, his body floated for weeks, reaching Muscatine at just the time of the meeting there of the State Association of ministers. It was recognized by two of his earlier associates, who chanced to be out for a walk along the Mississippi. The very persons who were ordained with him were present, took the body to its burial, held a religious service, and provided a slab suggestive of the sad story.

A man from Davis county came to Denmark with a long schooner wagon to get a minister and had settled in his own mind upon Robbins and his wife as his choice. Robbins used to say that he never wondered that the man liked Mrs. Robbins, but the appointments being talked over, Turner and the few who had preceded the Band to Iowa, withdrew from the conference and it was voted that Robbins should go to Bloomington, now Muscatine. On Saturday he returned to Burlington as before stated, not waiting for the Sunday service, in order to supply the church to which Salter was to give his life. Robbins preached in a long building over a store. On one end of a primitive bench, supporting his back by the wall, was the young lawyer James W. Grimes, who became politically, as he himself says, the foster-son of Asa Turner. He subsequently acquired much wealth and attained to many honors.

On Monday, November 6, Alden, Salter, and Turner returned to Burlington, and at eight o'clock in the evening, together with Mr. and Mrs. Robbins, took the steamboat, the *New Brazil*, up the river. The next morning about seven o'clock, having come to the great turn in the majestic stream, they hove in sight of the high, seraggy bluffs under which nestled the little town of Bloomington. The chilly November winds made the barren bluffs look still more desolate to the young couple who were to make this their future home. No one appeared at the landing to receive them. The sensitive nature of Dr. Robbins never recovered from the sensation of having no warmth of welcome. The contrast with Burlington made the event seem more chilling. As the boat

approached the place they looked in vain for the least sign of a church, and the bell of the boat, which rang to remind the passengers that her stay was short, they were told, "sounds tenfold more like your 'church-going bell' at home than any you will hear for years to come." There are those whose eyes have filled with tears at the sound of an unusually large bell on a new boat engaged in the river trade because of its suggestion of things at home. It is the "ranz des vaches" to the Swiss soldier.

Let us roll the curtain of time back for two generations, and, as the new expression is, try to orient ourselves. No one of these men had a call to his field. Robbins was sent to Muscatine by a vote of the brethren at Denmark, and not by an invitation from the place. Spaulding says distinctly that he had no call, except from above. He saw the burning bush, heard the voice, and did what he believed to be the bidding. They shut the door to wealth and ease, and, like the Pilgrim fathers, devoted their years to laying the foundation of a Christian commonwealth. In a field so new no one could make complaint, as in the East, of being hampered and hindered with outworn traditions and antecedents. Every man's originality and formative genius could be given full play, as everything must be created. Alden also landed at Muscatine, hoping he could catch a ride in some "chance" wagon sixty miles to Solon, his designated field.

The Bloomington Herald of November 10th, 1843, contained the following: "*Notice.*—The Rev. Mr. Robbins, Congregationalist, will preach at the court house on Sunday next at half past 10 A. M." Meetings were held in the court house until December 7, when the same publication informed the public that "Rev. Mr. Robbins will preach in the new brick building opposite Smalley's blacksmith shop." The place on this account became historic. "On motion, resolved that Rev. A. B. Robbins be invited to officiate as pastor of the church for the present." "December 31st, 1845, on motion of Bro. H. Q. Jennison, Resolved that we invite Bro. A. B. Robbins to remain another year as our pastor, and that we on our part

raise for his support \$150, and that the Home Missionary Society be invited to contribute \$250."

When the others had landed whom do we find still aboard? The twins, Salter and Turner, yokefellows as before, go thirty miles farther up the river and land at Davenport. Here they found one of the "Sacred Seven," Rev. A. B. Hitchcock, just moving into a small house and beginning his labors. It was to become the site of Iowa College, which was to spring from the joint labors of all. From this place to their appointed stations Salter must go sixty miles and Turner ninety. Their only earlier sight of such an expanse of wilderness was the boundless and almost uninhabited prairies which they crossed in Illinois. They had no conveyance. They were facing, as President Cleveland in substance said, not a theory but a predicament. Mr. Hitchcock's brother, seeing their dilemma, came to their rescue and offered to take them in a lumber wagon part of the way. At night they reached the log-dwelling of Rev. Oliver Emerson, the great evangelistic, extemporaneous, eloquent preacher, then living in Clinton county. With his characteristic cordiality, he welcomed them to his heart and house. Here was one of the double log-cabins with two rooms about ten feet apart and an open space between them having the earth for a floor. In this open space was a flight of stairs leading to the loft. One roof extended over the whole and a sod chimney graced each end of the building. The logs were not hewed but laid up in their native covering of bark. The openings between the logs were "chinked" with strips of wood spread with mortar, made pretty much of mud. The floor of the loft was loosely laid with crooked basswood boards, not so close as to prevent the free circulation of air. These also formed the ceiling of the lower room.

The pioneer missionary provided for their further journey the only conveyance that could be obtained among his people, a long wagon having a box somewhat in the shape of a skiff. It was a raw and dreary November day, and the chill winds had full play upon the defenseless voyagers. They crossed the wild and boundless plain with the courage of St. Paul when he passed over into Macedonia. Once there came a sud-

den halt. It was caused by a break in the harness. From a pocket filled with strings the driver gave Salter and Turner their first lesson in harness mending. Soon they came to a small branch of the Wapsipinicon. They had poled across the main river on a flatboat the day before. Going into the stream the driver jumped upon the board that had answered for his seat, and directed Salter and Turner to do the same. When the team attempted to ascend to dry ground on the opposite bank, the wheels of the wagon went to the hubs in the soft mud.

They did not reach McCloy's mill until dark, and to their dismay found no accommodation for the night. Hence they continued to wind their way in the dark along the banks of the mill creek, in one place fording it when they could not see from one bank to the other. At ten o'clock, they reached Mr. Shaw's. This was their destination, and Mrs. Shaw insisted upon getting them a warm supper. As the house was a small log building and one room answered for kitchen, parlor, dining room and bed room, and as there were children, beside Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, there was question about a dormitory. But with a blanket Mrs. Shaw soon partitioned off an apartment. Here Salter and Turner slept the sleep of the just arrived.

The next day being Saturday, the two ministers spent the forenoon in pastoral calls at the Forks, afterwards named Springfield, now Maquoketa. In the afternoon, Salter rode to the home of Rowland Cotton, son of Deacon Samuel Cotton. On the Sabbath, he preached in the upper story of the log courthouse at Andrew. He delivered his first sermon as an ordained minister from a desk where sentence of death had been pronounced in the first judicial trial for murder in the Territory of Iowa. Before the execution of the sentence the prisoner was brought into the courthouse in chains. He cried out in anguish, "Oh, what would I give to restore to life the man I killed." Many a manly cheek was wet with tears.

At the close of Dr. Salter's service, a warm-hearted brother, a justice of the peace, greeted him, saying that in this new country he welcomed with open arms all preachers "no matter what their tenements are."

Turner preached at the Forks in a log schoolhouse, the only place where a room could be found. It had one low story, twelve by fourteen, with a half window on each side of the room and the door so low that he had to stoop to get in. He found about thirty-five hearers, seated on benches made from the slab logs, and a small stand and Windsor chair for his pulpit.*

My plan has been to exhibit Dr. Salter in his close relations with his associates and to follow them in their united journeys and appointments and experiences as long as I could well keep them together. Now that separation is inevitable I should like to portray Iowa as they found it, and then turn abruptly, and by a few strokes, suggest what the State became before they had all left it. We shall presently glance at two or three of them in their homes, chiefly availing ourselves of Dr. Salter's eyes. We shall glance over the New Purchase, as the narrow strip along the river was then called, and see Iowa as a child-state, then turn and contemplate it as a mother-state.

Recurring to the time of their arrival in the Territory we find that on Friday morning, October 27, Salter and Turner on the way to Denmark made a detour to Farmington. There they stopped with the family of Jonas Houghton. On Saturday they dined at Bentonsport with Mr. Seth Richards, who afterwards contributed liberally to the endowment of Denmark Academy. Dr. Salter's diary, a priceless thesaurus of history, dwells on the beauty of that October day, and of their enjoyment of the delightful scenery along the banks of the Des Moines river. He speaks warmly of the pleasure that people would have, thirty years thence, when the country became settled, in the beauty of that stream. Here incidentally

*Dr. Robbins on visiting Dr. Salter in Burlington in a fine auditorium used to recall the fact that when he entered his log church at Maquoketa he struck his head violently on the lintel, not having learned to bow his head on entering the House of God.

we find the key to their courage and fortitude. They had the consciousness that in a generation those idle acres would have a teeming population.

That night they were entertained at Keosauqua by Deacon Hadden, who had purchased a mill-site on the Wapsipinicon where Independence now stands, and where it was then expected Iowa College would be located as planned by Asa Turner and Julius A. Reed. At Keosauqua in a blacksmith shop on October 29, 1843, Dr. Salter preached to a little band of earnest Christians, his first sermon on Iowa soil. In the interest of historical accuracy, it may be stated that when Dr. Salter is referred to as having preached his first sermon at Maquoketa the reference is to his first sermon as an ordained minister in his appointed place. Before he left Andover he had preached at Braintree, Massachusetts, for Richard Salter Storrs, a classmate at Amherst College of Alden, Hammond, Robbins, and Horace Hutchinson, Salter's predecessor at Burlington, and father of the orator, Richard Salter Storrs, of Brooklyn, N. Y. On Monday Salter and Turner passed through Troy and tarried Monday night with Captain Wilson at the Indian agency. Next day they dined with Mrs. Street, widow of Joseph M. Street, Indian agent at Prairie du Chien during the Black Hawk War and later at Agency City, Iowa. The young travelers visited the graves of General Street and Wapello, the Indian chief. On their way back to Denmark, they were entertained for a night at Fairfield by Rev. Julius A. Reed, the Nestor of Iowa Congregationalism, and they visited the beginning made at Salem by a little community of Quakers. They had, they say, a vision of the radiant future of the State. "This people must soon be a wealthy people. A more beautiful country was never trodden by the foot of man."

From Denmark, Spaulding had reached his field at Indian Agency. "The frail dwellings, beaten trails and newly made graves of the Indians still remained, and they were often seen passing and repassing, carrying away corn which had been raised on their fields, as if unwilling to leave the land which had so long been their home. On September 15, 1844,

a church is organized and a communion is held in the old Council House, a building erected for the special purpose of accommodating the Indians when assembled in the negotiations with the authorities of the United States, and where less than two years before savages were sitting and lying upon the floor, smoking their pipes, and singing their songs." On the very ground where the capitol of Iowa now stands, he preached with Indians about. On February 3, 1845, Spaulding formed a church at Eddyville, holding his first service in an Indian wickiup. The next year February 15, 1846, he formed a church at Ottumwa. On reaching this place, he found fourteen buildings, all of logs but two. In the vivid panorama of the past, his labors seem like the elements and movements of a wondrous dream. Pella at that time consisted of a log house on one side of the road and a log stable on the other. The site of Oskaloosa was marked only by a pole with a rag on it. Like Samson the members of the Iowa Band are to find sweetness in the most unlikely places. In his style of living a minister cannot far exceed the members of his congregation, for a leader must keep within sight of his followers. It was the log house and the log schoolhouse period in Iowa. Alden's "library" was a cheap, thin "lean-to," clumsily attached to a store. His preaching place was in a room over the jail. On the wind-swept prairie, so open to the weather were the walls of Dr. Salter's study that he hung up bedquilts to keep out the cold. Water would freeze in rooms where there was a fire. "So comfortless and almost uninhabitable was this place," said Spaulding in speaking of Indian Agency on the high prairie, seven miles east of Ottumwa, "that more than once it was left ostensibly for some business, but really for health and safety." These men, speaking broadly, were, "west of the law."

Dr. Salter visited all the settlements in Jackson county and preached during the first quarter forty-six sermons, and at sixteen different places. He received a baptism of the missionary spirit which rested upon him richly all the days of his mortal life. The last act in his study was to frame a letter giving five hundred dollars to the Home Missionary Society

that had sustained him while making his start at Andrew and Maquoketa. These towns under his care together contributed one hundred and fifty dollars one year while the Home Missionary Society gave two hundred and fifty, making the usual salary received by the young men. In his itinerant service, he accompanied the father of the writer to his appointed field, and all went well until they came to Turkey river, when they were forced to take the buggy to pieces and transport it, and swim the horse. On another occasion when "braving the angry flood in a canoe," one of the members of the Iowa Band, in view of the perishing need, took upon himself the task of bailing out the boat with his hat; and after the young men, barely escaping, had landed, he philosophically remarked, "What a sensation it would have made in the East, if we had all gone down!" Thus they had, it seems, the pleasant consciousness, and it strengthened their hearts, that distant eyes were upon them. These pioneers had none of the facilities of railroad transportation which were afforded later to the early settlers of Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, and the land of the Dakotas. People crossing Iowa by train can scarcely imagine the indescribable beauty of the prairies before they were settled. They were carpeted with green grass, bedecked with flowers of every shape and color. The soil had a perfect fury of productiveness, and would respond to the slightest efforts at cultivation, with the most prodigal bounty. These young missionaries, who helped bring Sunday across the Mississippi, leave us the record that the grass on the Des Moines river bottom grew so rank and luxuriant that it sometimes stood higher than the top of the buggy; and one of them says, in writing, that you could tie the grass together over your head as you sat upon a horse. All the West lay spread out just as the Lord made it. To simply turn the soil with a plow was to convert it into a garden. "Ships are first built and then sent on voyages," said Mr. Beecher, "but Western States are as if men were rafted to sea with materials, and were obliged to build the ship under them while they sailed." A State like Iowa is likely to have an epoch that is heroic. Our studies have brought us to its beginnings. We are contemplat-

ing forces that are advancing to their work and that have been put in motion by an unseen hand. These young missionaries are confronted with the hard task of casting up a highway for our God through the wilderness. They are placed where they must do their utmost in shaping the character of a future mighty State. This was their consciousness and they were overwhelmed with the thought. They were "the salt" of Iowa. The fullness of the time had come. The history of Iowa during the labors of these young missionaries was one of steady, uninterrupted prosperity and of almost magical growth. Dr. Salter lived to write of Iowa, The First Free State of the Louisiana Purchase, but, if Jefferson had secured this State alone for his \$15,000,000 the bargain would have made him famous. In their records they speak of Oskaloosa as it begins to develop, as having a "population not less than fifty, perhaps a hundred, or more, for it increases so fast as to be scarcely two days alike and is constant hardly long enough to be counted." No equal area in the United States, and perhaps in the world, has ever been developed with such great rapidity.

Here is a map of Iowa locating only the schoolhouses, and the State is studded with them, as the sky is with stars. At every sectional crossroad, on an average, there is a schoolhouse; usually no home in the State is more than two miles from a school. And a literal myriad of teachers go down the highways of Iowa each morning, causing the State to have, in the lifetime of Dr. Salter, the least illiteracy of all in the Union, and to be surpassed today in general enlightenment by one State by but the margin of three one-hundredths of one per cent. These men saw Iowa employing more teachers than any State in the Union, not proportionately, but counting them one by one, with the single exception of the State of New York, and that alone on account of her great city. Iowa came to have in his day more banks than any other State in the Union. She was the banner State in the Civil War, furnishing more than her quota of troops. And when one soldier, enlisting for three years, was accounted the equivalent of three men for one year, all thought of a draft was at once

retracted.* She came to have more Congregational churches than any other State except five, and in the race Illinois has the aid of a great and rich city, while Iowa, beautiful land, is only the garden State of the world. When Dr. Alexander Francis was in America to study local conditions, he hired a carriage at Marshalltown, Iowa, and visited the homes of twelve farmers, to find that the wives of five of them were college graduates. That's Iowa! That is a notable example of ideal farm life. Social clubs and literary societies are organized and no finer life can be lived than the kind which the gentle influence of fine women has brought over the community. The State ranks fifth in the percentage of her population attending Sunday school. It was found that in the year 1863 almost one-fifth of the entire membership of the Congregational churches in Iowa was in the army. Illinois had only one-eighth, Minnesota one-ninth, whereas in Iowa one church had two-thirds of her male members in the army, seven churches had one-half, sixteen churches had one-third, twenty churches had one-fourth, and the College founded by these men did not retain a single male student that was old enough to render military service. Dr. Salter lived to see Iowa have more miles of railroad than the whole country had when he left the railway in Buffalo in 1843. He saw Iowa build more miles of railway than any other State in the Union in one year, and saw her so completely gridironed with tracks that she had more miles of them than any other State in the Union except three; so interlaced with them that scarcely a farmer's house in her wide domain was out of hearing of the locomotive. He saw a day when one-third of the people of Iowa were found in the membership of her churches, a larger ratio than in Maine or New Hampshire or Vermont, and not far behind the proportion of Massachusetts and Connecticut. He had repeated opportunity of seeing Iowa possess more influence at the capitol in Washington than almost any other State. In their youth,

*This refers rather to the last call for men in 1865. There had been some persons drawn for the service owing to the later congressional legislation which required the several localities to furnish their own full quota. Hence about 4,000 persons were drafted for the service, although the quota of the State as a whole had been filled and several thousand over.—
Ed. ANNALS.

these young men determined to make religion the great concern of their lives, and Iowa has never forgotten there is a God. If the inhabitants are of exceptional character, it was the ideals and types and conditions that were thus early introduced into the State that drew people of peculiar quality and value into it, and it has become all distinctively American although drawn from many sources in the United States and from foreign countries. We are permitted to see the original colors blending and toning down until that strange commingling has been produced which constitutes Iowa as she stands today.

Except for the labors of such men as Dr. Salter and his associates, Iowa would never have been Iowa. The good God ordained and disposed, but they were the fortunate instruments. Things begun in the first decade of their labors are still perpetuated. There never can be in this land nor probably in any other such an opportunity. It was a blessed thing to start then. No one can begin to trace a career like Dr. Salter's and conduct it through putting him by himself alone. The very things which were interpreted by him as a divine "call," were by his own statement received by the young men jointly. They became an entity as distinguished from an aggregation of atoms. Dr. Dunning, editor of the *Congregationalist*, author of the leading recent work on Congregationalism, said of them, in 1894: "All have made good ministers of the word, faithful pastors; more than half of them have passed the semi-centennial of their ordination; two of them still retain their original charges. The seven and the dozen, coalescing and co-operating, at once gave prestige to their movements all along the front. It is not too much to say that their combined influence has given character not only to their denomination in the State, but to the State itself. They themselves have been built into the commonwealth that lies between the two great rivers." Together in service they gave the State more than half a thousand years. Who can reckon the beneficent influences which have flowed from these abundant labors? We are not able to estimate these things. But from such beginnings has come the miracle of time. The occasion, manner, and event had all been

ordered beforehand. The cathedral tower clock struck at a certain hour and nothing could hinder it. Dr. Salter's highest ecclesiastical honors came when he was called by President Angell to the platform of the National Council to receive in conjunction with another member of the Iowa Band the salutations of the highest body in the denomination to which he belonged. "Both men are considerably over eighty," states the report, "but Dr. Salter of Burlington, Iowa, would never be thought to be over sixty, though his beard and hair are snowy. He spoke with vigor of voice and clarity of mind unusual in one of his age. He is able and upstanding, full-voiced, and free and vigorous in gesture." In a late letter to the writer he states, "I was with Hutchinson and Spaulding in their last hours and at their funerals. I was with Ephraim Adams at the funeral of Robbins's wife. He and Robbins were with me at the funeral of my wife in 1893. They were both with me the fiftieth anniversary of my pastorate, April, 1896. Ephraim Adams and I were together at the funeral of Robbins in December of that year. I was with Ephraim Adams at the funeral of his wife in 1905. What a record of pathos and tenderness." In his record of his forty years' ministry, he says of his predecessor (Hutchinson), "I closed his eyes in death," and adds, "Fond of athletic sports, he was accounted the best skater on the river in the winter of 1843-4. He was an able preacher, given to study and intellectual culture, ardent and enthusiastic in his work, with a genial disposition that won him friends. In the flood of 1844, he preached a sermon on 'What Wilt Thou do in the Swelling of the Jordan?' which made a great impression." "Hitherto my life has been preparatory," said Hutchinson in contemplation of his passing, "when I think what God will do for Iowa in the next twenty years, I want to live and be an actor in it." Spaulding's career had a special charm for Dr. Salter for two reasons; first, he had perhaps the raciest mind of all of the brethren, was very delicate and nice in all his observations; and, second, his location and surroundings were antipodal with Dr. Salter's. The pastor in Burlington had by far the best position of the members of the Band and Mr. Spaulding

had by far the most rugged and the one closest to nature. He began his work at Ottumwa, when not only could he discern the footprints of the savage, but he could almost hear the echo of the warwhoop. Spaulding had beside a hopeful vision of Iowa which he regarded as "the glory of all lands." He said the people were so pleased with Iowa that they wrote back to their friends encouraging them to come. Associated with Dr. Salter in his valiant work in breaking the force and influence of Abner Kneeland, was Harvey Adams, settled for twenty years a little to the southwest from him, at Farmington. In this relation we come upon one of the few occasions in which Dr. Salter appears as a genuine crusader of the church militant. Dr. Salter had a sharp pen, which is said to be mightier than the sword. Dr. Adams's only weapon was the Sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, and such a lover of the Bible was he that in the last year of his life, and something like it was true of every twelvemonth, he read the Bible through sixteen times. Sometimes he read it through in eleven days, the last time, reading it in twelve and a half days. He used to hold and teach that, when the Bible was read continuously like any other book, it made a very much more effective impression than when read by little detachments. Dr. Salter's most picturesque relations were with Dr. Ephraim Adams after all the rest of their associates had passed on to the higher service and its eternal reward. He gave an address at Dr. Adams's funeral "and when he said farewell to his departed comrade and brother, there were no eyes in the church undimmed by tears. His voice gathered fullness and richness as he proceeded." "The natural beauty of the scenery at Davenport," said Dr. Salter, "and the air of quiet and repose then about the infant village, suggested to Dr. Adams that it was a desirable location for a college, and he gave his best endeavors to establish Iowa College upon a commanding site there. For sixty years he attended nearly every meeting of the trustees." "In my prejudiced opinion, no man living or dead has done more for Iowa," says Dr. Douglass, "than has this good man, Ephraim Adams." He was one of fifty who left Phillips Academy on being forbidden

to found an Anti-Slavery Society. He attended every meeting of the state association but one and that was when the daughter died.

With Dr. Robbins, Dr. Salter for half a century had an annual exchange, although there was for a long period no direct railway communication between Muscatine and Burlington. They first met in Union Theological Seminary, New York in 1841 and maintained an intimacy for fifty-five years. While they had much in common, yet on close review they may have enjoyed each other more because in many particulars they were so unlike. Dr. Salter was more of a scholar. Dr. Robbins gave more attention to executive and administrative affairs in his denomination and was necessarily out of his study a great deal in attendance upon meetings of boards of trust. Dr. Robbins had a boy's relish for outdoor sports. On one forenoon, in company with a brother in his church, he captured in a long net five hundred beautiful quail, but was forced to let them go, for if he put them in a log house they would, at any alarm, pile one upon the other till some would suffocate. Fourteen different kinds of fish were observed by him that had been captured in a boat upon the river. He used to go to Davenport, on college work, in a sleigh on the river, and if his course was suddenly checked the sleigh would slide around until it tipped over.

Dr. Salter also lived in close relations with Daniel Lane, who took Keosauqua for his labors, where Dr. Salter preached his first sermon in Iowa. There was no church building, there were no members, there was nothing. In ten years he built a church. During the last two years of this pastorate, he was also a teacher in the high school. Many eminent men trace their classical enthusiasm to him, while a teacher there, and later in Iowa College, at Davenport. As his sympathies were with his associates in the ministry he left the teacher's desk to return again to the pulpit. He took a pastoral charge in Belle Plaine, where the church when organized numbered but four members.

Dr. Salter held with great tenacity to those with whom he was most closely associated in the days of his earliest labors

and sacrifice, and he wrote at length about his regard for and relations with Ebenezer Alden, the phrase-maker of the group, whose sententious sayings are widely quoted. Dr. Salter pointed out analogies between himself and Alden, and they were many. An unusual feature of Dr. Salter's ministerial service was that it was performed in various ways for five generations of a prominent family of his church. He officiated at the funeral of an aged member of his church, performed the same service for the first wife of her son, and christened his children, grandchildren, and finally a great-grandson. So Dr. Alden conducted the funeral services of five members of the Webster family, representing four generations. Daniel Webster was one of his parishioners at Marshfield, and it was the dying statesman's request that Mr. Alden should conduct his funeral service. The church in Tipton was organized in 1844, May 5th, by Mr. Alden, and consisted of three members. It was formed in the barroom of the public house. The first summer he preached in the upper room of the jail, which was used during the week as a carpenter shop. He afterward occupied the courthouse. During his first three months in Iowa, he preached in Solon and Iowa City, making his home in Solon, which consisted of one frame house containing three families. The striking difference between his pastorates in Iowa and in the ancient Pilgrim town is shown by the fact that on his return to Massachusetts he officiated at the funerals of three persons who were over one hundred years of age.

Dr. Salter was not quite able to reach the bedside of his favorite among the members of the Iowa Band, E. B. Turner in his mortal sickness, but stood at his grave a few days after the burial and could say, "I am distressed for thee, my brother. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me." He joined in a tribute to his memory on the following Sabbath at Owego, New York.

When Dr. Salter approached the end of his life, carrying the weight of nearly eighty-nine years, his mind seemed irresistibly to return and dwell fondly upon his first striking

experiences in the new Territory. His first impressions seemed the deepest in his memory and were most ineffaceable. He returned to his association with his chum, E. B. Turner, and left us reminiscences of many situations which but for his statement we would never suspect. He remarks that the settlement in any new country seems slow because it devolves upon the poorer class of people to take the initiatory steps to test the productiveness of the soil and the healthfulness of the climate. The poorest are the first on the ground, not from choice, but from necessity. We learn that it was far from a joy-ride that Salter and Turner took west from Davenport. The chief thing about the places to which they came was a vast need of improvement. It is much to be regretted that we have not a more complete record of the incidents of those early days when Iowa was in the making.

Cascade was Mr. Turner's field, and it consisted of a half dozen log cabins. For hospitality, he was directed to the log house consisting of one room, which contained a bed, the table, chairs, cooking stove, and furniture. His hostess was a Christian lady. While he was wondering what disposition was to be made of him, a ladder was brought in and placed in one corner, and Mrs. S. pointed to a hole in the upper floor, and he, with candle in hand, was informed that he would find lodgings above. This garret, where he could stand only in the middle of the room, was for some time his study. The narrow tick, filled with straw and placed on the floor neatly covered, was his bed, and there was a strip of carpet in front of it to cover the cracks. He had his trunk lifted up through the hole and this trunk answered sometimes for a chair and sometimes for a table. To bury oneself in a newly organized Territory seemed a waste of education or at least a most hazardous investment of one's life. For three years after this, Des Moines, the future capital of the State, was a struggling line of barracks with a permanent population of four families and about twenty souls. And these men lived to behold it with a population of three score and ten thousand. The Territory was a narrow strip of land running along the Mississippi river about two hundred miles long

with forty miles of width and Dr. Salter saw it develop into a commonwealth of two million souls.

In reviewing the achievements of Dr. Salter and his associates, themselves their only parallel, we are summoned to an explanation of their phenomenal success.

First, these men had a rallying cry. There is great power in a banner with a device. The world stands aside to look at men who seem to know where they are going. The other great religious movements in history have had a slogan. It lifts. It concentrates. It enlists. Times are always dull when there is no watchword, no show of colors, no raising of a standard, no unfurling of ensign or symbol. These men all had a scutcheon. This was the motto, "Each to found a church, all, a college." Dr. Salter reached his destination November 10th, and his own record is, "In December, I organized a church here of seven members." It was a mile from the two forks of the Maquoketa. Fortunately there exists a picture of the building first used by Dr. Salter as a house of prayer. It was made in 1846 by the Rev. Charles Peabody, while superintendent of the western department of the American Tract Society. Dr. Salter said that with one or two slight exceptions the picture was correct. Like himself, Dr. Salter rang true to the motto which had its inspiration and did its work, the praise of which is in all the churches.

Second, In the name of our God they set up their banner. They connected their work in the community, in education, and in the State with the organized churches. Intelligence, temperance, politics, were not one thing, and their church work another. What they did for the community or commonwealth, they did as home missionaries, and this was understood to be so. They magnified their office, and the people took them in their work at their own estimate of it. "Voted, That in case the governor declines to recommend a day of public thanksgiving that we recommend to our churches to observe the last Thursday in December (not November) as such." Here is the logic of holy action, determined effort, invincible courage, all combining to produce a conviction of sincerity, of

earnestness, and of vigorous, all-conquering principle. Here are your State builders. These things were all talked over in their State Association, and they acted together, and as a religious force. They had a program. They knew what it was, and could state it. They had a purpose. They made it known. No other single mark so distinguishes a reformer in any history as this. Such a power is mightily effective. "The Blessing came." It spread into surrounding Western States where it had been unknown. It abides, and the churches did it, and it redounds to them, and is part of their antecedents. It is obvious that these men were more capable and potential because they were bunched. They believed in the power of together. They learned to co-operate. They accomplished by their united influence what they could not have done had they been scattered one by one over a larger territory. Their usefulness and value were enhanced moreover by the very diversity of their gifts, and the oppositeness of their temperaments. Together they were like an orchestra, where each performer has his own instrument and plays from an individual score, but all together produce perfect harmony. It is the best and truest example of a united brotherhood that is to be found in any Christian or civilized land. They were entire strangers to each other from distant, unlike places, from the largest city to the obscurest hamlet, until they gathered to use the same books, to pursue like studies, with the same lessons, in the same classroom, with the same teachers, in college in some cases, and later particularly at Andover. Then mind came to act on mind, and a little of the individuality of each was imparted to others, and the tendrils of esteem, of affection, and of sympathetic interest were thrown out and fastened. These, with their common purpose, united labors, and community of feeling, touching the whole of their life's work, strengthen as the years rise and fall.

To appreciate their effectiveness, it is necessary to keep firmly and clearly before the mind the plain fact too often overlooked that in their earliest days there was little of organization in connection either with the church or with social life. Organized Christianity grew up out of the intellectual

awakening that was quickened by the Civil War. We now have nearly three times as many people in the United States as we had at the outbreak of the strife between the States, and church organization and administration have become very much more prominent. But be it said to the glory of these young men and to the honor of the State that they engaged in team work long before its effectiveness was generally understood. From the start, they were association men. They were royal neighbors, organized and acted as such. They had their local associations and these were arched over by the general association of Iowa. When magazines and telephones, railroads and bridges, were lacking, the significance of this was tenfold. It was worth a year of toil to go up to the feast of fellowship where they planned together for a great cause and where their hearts were kindled. It thrills the feelings of any one who knew the men to read, in the scant, short, insufficient, inadequate report of their meeting in 1850, "The conference on Monday morning was distinguished by the warm flow of sympathy and affection, a high tone of spirituality, and the expression of the most earnest desires to do good." If I were limited to naming one other thing that lay at the foundation of their success as pioneers beside their religious enthusiasm, I would say that it was their passion for education. It perpetuated the ideal of the New England mother's charge: "Child, if God make thee a good Christian and a good scholar, thou hast all that thy mother ever asked for thee." From these men comes the cause of Iowa's greatness. The dead past lacks much of being buried. A great deal of it is still above the ground. Go in Iowa where you will and you still see the result of the original "Iowa idea," in the passion and determination of people that their children shall be educated. She took her stand early for an education that fits young men and women to take readily their places as productive units in the world's industrial organization. For nearly half a century it was the custom of the members of this group of pioneers in religious work in Iowa, in connection with the meeting of the General Association, to hold a little session by themselves and to write a brief memorial

of gratitude that they had been called to Iowa, that their lives had been so graciously lengthened out that half of their number attained a great age. When Mrs. Ephraim Adams became the sole survivor of the wives of the members of this group, she used to sign the minutes that they adopted. For she and her husband were the only couple of the Iowa Band who lived to celebrate their golden wedding, which occurred September 18, 1895. In 1901, Dr. Salter and Dr. Adams being left alone, it seemed artificial to continue the practice of many years, and so it was discontinued. The Tuesday evening meeting however, which as we have seen was begun by the classmates in Andover, and transferred to eleven different homes in Iowa, was continued in some form for more than threescore years. Fellowship was developed by the feeling that each of them was in the affectionate thought and prayers of the others on each recurring Tuesday night. Sympathy in a common work appeared so appropriate and beautiful that the General Association of Iowa by a rising vote adopted Tuesday evening at 7:00 o'clock as the hour for a prayerful, fraternal remembrance of one another. The writer often reviews his own life in terms of the great songs that he has heard. They mark the years with as much distinctness as the great journeys or the joys. But for pathos, for depth of feeling in the hearts of those who saw or heard, for the ineffable quality that we term "touching," I would set forward that supreme event, the time-honored custom near the close of the meeting of the State Association, when the good gray heads whom all men knew and revered used to surround the altar of the church as one expression of their devotion, and all who were assembled sang in tearful tone, "My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By." It was affecting to the last degree. This picture of the Iowa Band, etched on memory's walls, will never be effaced. All of those who rocked the cradle of Congregationalism in Iowa are now translated. "The prayers of David, the son of Jesse are ended."

"And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

DR. SALTER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

In the judgment of the lamented Charles Aldrich, founder of the Historical Department of Iowa, and of his successor, Edgar R. Harlan, Dr. Salter's natural impressions of values in literature, and especially in historical literature, excelled that of any other scholar of their acquaintance. They accorded him the highest place as a critic. A word expressed by him or withheld, touching any publication in their department, had important and unequaled effect. Thus Dr. Salter's influence unquestionably penetrated every nook and cranny of that great historical institution. Dr. Salter was able to make those at the head of the Historical Department feel from the inception of its work that the enterprise in which they were engaged would appeal to the serious and scholarly of all times in Iowa. If any lack of attention by the living was detected, it was to him a stimulus to new zeal and activity. Dr. Salter revealed a prophetic knowledge of the mind of the future toward the history of Iowa and of the middle West. His soul was that of a founder, and he stood nobly by the Historical Department of Iowa when appreciation and moral support were vital things. He was a natural collector and historian. By collector is meant that any object within the range of his vision or knowledge so appealed to his attention that he drew it into his memory and so retained it in his recollections and considered it in its bearings and relations with all similar things, and so classified it and displayed it to his own mind in its appropriate connection at its correct value, that it became a permanent, distinct, and appreciable asset. Without visualizing as museum collectors do, he became a great collector. The long correspondence between Dr. Salter and the gentlemen at the head of the Historical Department is of great value, and could be some time very profitably abstracted for the published permanent records of the State. This characterization is so just and is so perfectly exemplified in Dr. Salter's autobiographical sketch which he gave to his Burlington congregation on the 86th anniversary of his birth, Nov. 17, 1907, that we take pains to place them

together. It is obvious that in eighty-six years, we ought to have said eighty-six such years, there is much more than can be told. A great deal, perforce, must be omitted, and there is entertainment in perusing selections from his autobiography, observing what he states and noticing his principles of selection which show "his natural impressions of values in literature and especially historical literature":

I was born by the seaside in Brooklyn, N. Y., in a happy home, where my earliest memories are of loving parents, of school and church, of Fulton Ferry, named for Robert Fulton who six years before I was born sailed the first steamboat up the Hudson river, and of the stately ships I saw go by in the East river.

My father was a ship owner and with his brother had built a ship which they named "Mary and Harriet" for their respective wives. As I stood on the deck of that ship or climbed the rigging, I felt a boy's enthusiasm to sail away upon the high seas. But my father had other thoughts for me. He had been a scholar in Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., and he wanted that I should have a liberal education. He loved good literature; and Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, as well as Robinson Crusoe, the Pilgrim's Progress, and Walter Scott, were in the family bookcase. I was put to the study of Latin at ten years of age, and of Greek at twelve, and six years later began to read the Hebrew Bible and took lessons in Arabic.

Meanwhile my father had removed to the city of New York, and I became familiar with its sights and scenes and goings-on. My parents became members of Samuel H. Cox's church in Laight street, and I sat regularly with them in the family pew, and was a member of the Sunday school under a kind and faithful teacher. Dr. Cox was an eloquent preacher, mighty in the Scriptures, a leader of the "New School," and of the "Evangelical Alliance," of those days. An ardent anti-slavery man, having on one occasion rebuked the prejudices of caste and race and said that the Savior of the world was an Oriental, and probably of a darker hue than white persons generally, he was hounded on the streets as having called Christ "a negro," and his church and his home were mobbed and stoned. A leading member of the church was president of an anti-slavery society, and suffered similar insults. Those were the "abolition riots" of 1832. I remember a pleasing incident earlier in the same year. It was the centennial of Washington's birthday, and it was honored with magnificent processions and shows, that left a shining memory in my youthful mind.

At the dedication of the Church of the Messiah on Broadway, I heard Dr. Channing on "Blessed are the Peacemakers", and was charmed with his spirit and the grace that fell from his lips. Sometimes I went to political meetings, whig and democratic. I also visited the courts, and heard Ogden Hoffman, Daniel Low, Prescott Hall, and thought one time I would be a lawyer. In 1837 I heard Daniel Webster in Niblo's Garden, and was impressed with the dignity of his person and speech. After referring to the annexation of Texas, and stating his opposition to bringing a large slaveholding country into the Union, and that the question of slavery had taken hold of the consciences of men, he discussed the commercial and financial crash which had followed upon the removal of the deposits from the United States bank by President Jackson. My father's business went down in that crash, and I had to engage in some humble services, and earn a little money to eke out the expenses of my education. The same year I went to see the first ocean steamer that entered the harbor of New York, and I looked with wondering eyes upon Black Hawk and Keokuk as they passed through the metropolis, not thinking that six years later I was to make my home in the territory from which they came.

In 1839, I heard John Quincy Adams deliver an oration in the Middle Dutch church in commemoration of the adoption of the constitution and the establishment of the government fifty years before. He spoke with splendid vigor and enthusiasm of the events of which he was an eye-witness, and I was filled with admiration for those institutions, and for the orator of the day.

Towards the close of my four years in the university, a class mate from Norwalk, Conn., obtained for me a situation to teach in an academy in that town.*

At the end of six months' teaching at South Norwalk, where I made some lifelong friendships, I entered the Union Theological Seminary, in the city of New York. Professor Edward Robinson had just returned from his "Biblical researches" in the Holy Land, and he inspired me with his enthusiasm for Bible study. I studied with him "Newcome's Harmony of the Gospels," and later in his own "Harmony," and in his "Lexicon of the New Testament," found

*Getting a recommendation from the chancellor of the university before going to his work he sets out upon his first undertaking as an educator. We insert here in full the recommendation which he obtained, as it shows the child, the father of the man. By the date it will be seen that he is 18 years of age.

"University of the City of New York, April 24, 1840.
"Mr. William Salter of the senior class in the University having in purpose to take charge of an academy, at the close of his collegiate term, I take pleasure in recommending him, as well qualified for such duty. His high standing, in his class, for scholarship, his correct deportment and exemplary conduct in the institution, fully entitle him to esteem and confidence.
THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN, Chancellor."

more aid in understanding the original sources of Christianity than in any commentary. He gave the students a portion of Scripture on which to write an exegesis, and he was so kind as to write upon one which I prepared, "Read with pleasure.—E. R."

At the end of two years in Union Seminary, I went to Andover for my third year, thinking a change from the din and scenes of a great city to a quiet place would be good for me, and also having made up my mind to enter the ministry in the order of the New England churches. My year at Andover was one of satisfaction and delight. My studies were uninterrupted. They were largely historical. The library was of immense advantage to me. I learned much from Moses Stuart and Bela B. Edwards. The student fellowship was cordial. There were debates, and a society of inquiry to look over the world and learn its wants. * * *

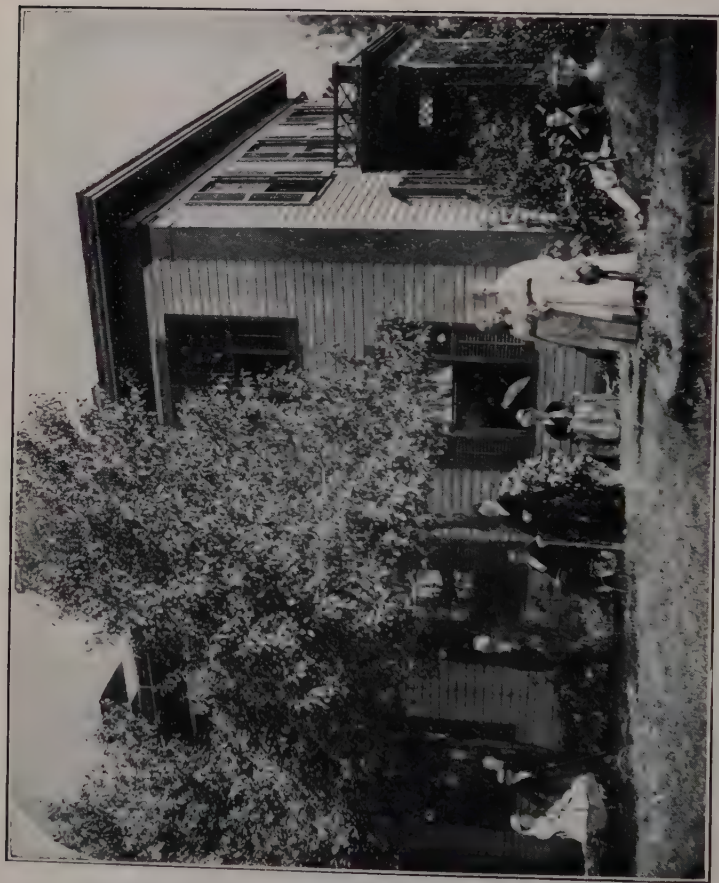
The field assigned to me was Jackson county, Iowa, halfway between Davenport and Dubuque, and I labored there two years and four months. I traveled up and down the Maquoketa river and its branches, and over the prairies and through the thick woods. I preached my first sermon there in the upper story of the log courthouse in Andrew, and my second in the log schoolhouse at Maquoketa, and afterwards in the cabins of the pioneers in nearly every part of the county. The people welcomed me, and I sat by the blazing logs in open fireplaces and at hospitable tables. I traveled on horseback and my constitution was invigorated in the open air under the dome of the sky and the all-beholding sun. I had some hardships and rebuffs, but they are forgotten in pleasant memories of better things.

The lands in Jackson county had not been then brought into market. The people were squatters under "claim law," and there were some disputes about "claims." The settlement at Maquoketa seemed the most promising of all in the county. I built a small house there, and was living solus in it, expectant of a Lady Angelica who had engaged to wed her life with mine, when word came from Burlington of the serious illness of the pastor there, that he had resigned his office, and I was asked to come and look over the field and see if I might not be more useful there than in itinerant and scattered work. There were some demurrers. I was told that I had made a good beginning at Maquoketa and had better stay; that Burlington was a difficult field and needed an older and stronger man. But I ventured to see for myself and made a wintry journey in February, 1846, and preached for the first time here on the first day of March in a rented hall over a store on Main street, near Columbia street. I was kindly received and got a favorable impression of things. James G. Edwards and Albert Shackford were the dea-

cons. I preached two other Sundays, and visited most of the people. William H. Starr entertained me at his house, that still stands immediately north of the church. Henry W. Starr took me by the hand and said he hoped I had come to stay. James W. Grimes, Frederick D. Mills, who lost his life in the Mexican War, and whose name an Iowa county perpetuates; Samuel R. Thurston, editor of the Gazette, and afterwards the first delegate to congress from the Pacific coast, were in the congregation. E. D. Rand, Thomas Hedge, Dr. S. S. Ransom, Luke Palmer, H. B. Ware, John G. Foote, his brother Mark, and their sister Harriet, afterwards Mrs. Gear, gave me cordial greetings. We held prayer meetings with the widow Ruth Sheldon, who lived and taught a school in the first brick house built in Iowa, that which stood on the southeast corner of Fourth and Columbia streets. Mrs. F. J. C. Peaseley also opened her house for prayer meetings on the corner of Valley and Fourth streets. Of the young men of the congregation there were A. D. Green, secretary of the Iowa Historical and Geological institute, that had the custody of Black Hawk's bones which were afterwards consumed by fire, and C. B. Parsons, who became one of the pillars of our strength. The venerable Abner Leonard and his two sons, David and Isaac, lived three miles west of town, and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hebard, ten miles west. The Nealley brothers were three miles south.

The late pastor died on the 7th of March; I was with him in the final hour. His funeral was held in "Old Zion," A. B. Robbins, of Muscatine, preaching the sermon. On the third Sunday of March the church and society invited me to become their minister. The field looked inviting and promising, and I could not decline. Returning to Jackson county, I preached farewell sermons at Andrew and Maquoketa. I took up my work here on the 12th of April, and by the exceeding divine goodness I have continued here to this day the ministry which I received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God. I have never swerved from this purpose, while I have thought it accordant therewith to devote some time to literary and historical studies which show the influence of Christianity in bettering the character and condition of mankind in different departments of the world's affairs. I have discoursed upon the great discoveries and inventions of the last sixty years as new evidences of the divine wisdom and goodness in the nature of things.

In the civil war, much as I deplored all war, I stood resolutely by President Lincoln and the Union. I carried my ministry to the sick and wounded and dying in many hospitals in Tennessee and Georgia. After looking down from Vining station upon the battle



HOME OF WILLIAM SALTER, AT BURLINGTON, IOWA, 1873

in which General McPherson was killed, I visited the wounded and dying, both Confederate and Union, who were brought into the field hospitals. I saw the movement of Sherman's army before Atlanta from left to right, and General Corse took me upon the ground where a hundred Confederates were lying dead, mowed down in a furious assault upon his breastworks, their bodies swarming with flies in the sultry August air. Sickened with such sights, and with my hospital work, I now returned home wearied and worn, and it was a month before I could be about again.

At different periods I have sailed down the St. Lawrence to Quebec and down the Mississippi from St. Paul to New Orleans. I have crossed the Rocky Mountains, and sailed on the Columbia, on the Willamette, and on Puget Sound, and felt assured of the future greatness of that part of the world.

Three times I have been granted leave of absence to visit Europe. I sailed up and down on the Thames, and parts of the Rhine, crossed the Danube, sailed upon the lakes of Switzerland, visited its chief cities, stood upon its glaciers under the towering mountains; sailed upon the Mediterranean; visited Florence and Rome; St. Peter's and the Vatican library; also the royal libraries in Paris and Berlin, the Bodleian at Oxford, and the British Museum in London. In one voyage home I suffered shipwreck, and was expecting to sink beneath the waves when the little brig Minnie Schiffer, from Malaga, appeared for our rescue, and brought six hundred souls safe to port.

In my sermons I have preached from every book of the Bible, and upon all the great events and characters of scripture history. The history of our own country is the crowning history of advancing Christianity, and it were well for preachers to commemorate and honor not only Joshua and Gideon and David and Daniel, but also the valor of Captain John Smith, the Landing of the Pilgrims, William Penn, the Huguenots, Oglethorpe, Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln.

I have been a firm advocate of the cause of temperance and given line upon line against avarice and greed, exhorting men to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.

In 1852 I built the house in which I have resided for fifty-five years. My friends told me that it was too far away. Most of them lived on the streets near the river. I wanted a higher elevation and a more salubrious air, and as well to have a garden and orchard and keep a horse. There I have looked up to the great heavens, the

orb of day rising in the east, and upon a thousand brilliant sunsets in the west.

I have preached two thousand and fifty sermons written in full, and thousands more from notes and extempore. I have performed six hundred and thirty-nine marriage ceremonies. I joined in the celebration of the golden wedding of John M. and Mary A. Sherfey, at whose marriage I officiated fifty years before.

Dr. Salter received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Iowa State University in 1864. His headquarters were at Maquoketa for two years and four months. During much of this time he was a traveling missionary, the romantic element in life being distinctly eliminated, his environment being untoward; yet he never made, like many, his hardships the staple of his talk. "The attendance at meeting," he writes, at Maquoketa, "increases every month. The little log house which we occupy is on pleasant Sundays crowded, and at times some are not able to get in. In different settlements are six Sabbath schools and about one hundred scholars. I have procured small libraries for some of them."

His purpose appears to have been always to buttress his work by awakening the minds of his adherents. The anomaly of his career is found in the fact, that with his scholarly habit and tendency, which were most marked, and with his characteristic nicety, he should have found his appointed work at the first among such primitive conditions. The circuit rider with whom he alternated in one of his appointments had the unfortunate practice of using the plural for the singular. Thus: "On last Sabbath, he told the people here, 'Brethren, pray for each others' goods, labor for each others' goods.'" In his diary, April 1, 1844, we find: "I should like now to have a home to come to and rest for three days, but I have not the one and cannot do the other." His work at the time was hunting upon the prairies the scattered sheep who were without any spiritual shepherd.

He became the oldest resident pastor of any denomination west of our unsalted seas. He survived all the original members of his first congregation, and, while by his amiability he made many early friends, none of them came down through

the generations with him. He had such vitality and habit of industry that it was said of him that he had broken down as many as two of his assistants and still remained at his post, preaching occasionally and rendering pastoral service. In this office he officiated at over a thousand funerals. At the time he took charge of the church it numbered about forty members. Although occupying the same pulpit, he ministered to two different congregations and to two different generations. It is no wonder that his autumnal days were serene and that a halo of glory crowned his age. In gratitude to God for the suppression of the Rebellion and for the new life of the nation, surrounded by a loyal congregation, on the Fourth of July, 1867, he laid the corner-stone of a new house of worship, in which he was to preach for twenty years. Soon arose the cathedral-like structure of stone with its massive tower one hundred and twenty-eight feet high, involving a cost of \$80,000. For this, as for the public library, in its beginning, he had money to raise, but he was noble about it, and never showed the beggar's spirit. The rich retrospect, on the surrender of his life's activities, at the approaching sunset of his career, gave him serenity, as he sat resting like Abraham in the door of his tent. His last appearance at his church was Sunday, July 17, 1910, when he pronounced the benediction. There he had been pastor in all sixty-four years and four months. What a gauntlet to run through nearly eighty-nine years. For nearly three years, his name had stood alone in the sun-bright list. The graves of his associates and of his early congregations had all been earlier made. Very early in the morning, even as the day was dawning after the Sabbath, on Monday, August 15, 1910, God called him. His watchers saw him drop into a quiet sleep, and he passed away as quietly as a spent candle goes out.

Burlington was in mourning. The mayor issued a call to the city asking that all places of business be closed during the hour of the funeral, as a mark of respect to "Burlington's first citizen." The president of the Commercial Exchange made a similar request to the board. The body lay in state in

the Congregational church. Thursday morning at 10 o'clock the house was filled to overflowing and many continued to stand throughout the service. With all places of business silent, with city and county officials in attendance and business men, laborers, and people of all classes and creeds present, the funeral was held and the great, good man, on whom in youth nature appeared to lay hands of wondrous anointing, was carried to his burial.

It was difficult to realize that a man of such striking vitality and personality was dead. His clear judgment, unquestioned sincerity, and natural leadership rendered him a remarkable man in the community. The gathering, the occasion, the cessation of care when business was at its full tide, were evidences that a great man had fallen and that the thoughts of many were arrested. Marvelous man this! Thou hast left behind a name that is as imperishable as the State, now one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of the commonwealths. Venerable, honored associate founder of sovereign Iowa, farewell! Sleep thy last sleep! Thou hast richly deserved thine hours of slumber. Thy memory is fragrant upon earth. Thy works will perpetuate thy fame. Thy spirit hath gone to the Great Assembly. "So he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

In ancient Rome on important occasions, the images of departed citizens who had exerted decisive influence on public affairs were brought before the people to stimulate emulation, and some words of appropriate address were openly spoken. This custom must have been effective, or it would have been discontinued. On April 14, 1887, Mr. E. D. Rand made an order setting aside and placing in Mr. T. G. Foster's hands \$1,000.00 to be invested according to his best judgment and the interest to be paid to Dr. Salter. Upon his death this fund was to be invested in a suitable monument. The right to direct the character and design of this monument was to devolve upon the oldest son. On October 10, 1888, Mrs. Carrie Rand made an addition or amendment to the memorandum, referring to the fact that she had caused to be

executed a life-size bronze bust of Dr. Salter, which was placed in care of a friend of Mr. Foster. This bust now stands in the Burlington public library.

Dr. Salter was in a pre-eminent sense a parish priest. He had a certain relation to the entire community. This is seen and was recognized in many forms. His influence was cumulative. He gained much in his ministry by what the teachers call the continuous-impression-method. Many persons have not done themselves justice because they have not stayed by their task. To measure the time he plied his calling, take some standard and apply it. The college that he helped to found has long since graduated the children of its graduates. The present population of one of the cities of Iowa is more than that of the Territory as he found it. One secret of his life was its adaptation. He built up his church and his position in the community and State, and they became his ground-work. His ecclesiastical relations too were exactly suited to his temperament. In the church of a member of the Iowa Band were representatives of thirty-one denominations. His church polity proved so simple, so free from intricacies, so easily understood by all, and was so administered as to give to each a voice in its councils, thus securing consequent interest and work. Dr. Horace Bushnell, whom Dr. Salter greatly admired, preached a remarkable sermon on "The Duty of a Town to Prosper." Religious teachers often think that if they act discreetly and use the conventional instrumentalities with skill, prosperity is beyond their control. But Dr. Salter concentrated his efforts on Burlington. He kept out of some administrative work in his denomination at large that he might command success in the specific work to which he gave his heart. He had to apply redoubled energy in constructive work as he encountered the manifestation of the Western spirit. But Dr. Salter gained a church following, which never forsook him. New arrivals in town came into his parish and of their own choice accepted the type of ministry and the style of church administration that existed. Thus a man in a city has a great advantage.

Dr. Salter developed and trained the church after his own heart. He began with the boys and girls and made men and women of them. He was the only minister or kind of minister that they knew anything about. He had a generous, unusual, native, mental endowment. Out of abundant materials he formed for himself a character. He went to work to do this, acting according to rules. He was a great admirer of Franklin, whose character was formed according to certain precepts, which have been given to the world. The greatest gift to the country was the character of Washington, which was carefully developed along the line of certain laws, which are matters of record. Dr. Salter's father gave him a Life of Edwards, which he read with avidity. In this volume the seventieth resolution is underscored in faded ink: "Let there be something benevolent in all I speak." Dr. Salter took pains with his character. It was carefully grown. It had no excesses. It had symmetry like his figure. Factors in a man's character are not capricious. Certain principles, habits, states of mind, and courses of conduct have their appropriate results. Delicately reared, he maintained all through his pioneer associations an invariable refinement, and he never lost the touch of genuine gentility. He was a fine example of the Christian gentleman and clergyman. He acted upon Dr. Arnold's principle in governing Rugby school, of accepting every boy on his best side and for the best that was in him. He was singularly free from avarice. Nothing about him impressed one more. His mind did not run on dollars and dimes. In a letter to his fiancée he said that to succeed in the ministry one must give oneself "wholly" to it. Some one has remarked that a bad place in a man's heart no larger than a sixpence in the East would grow in the West to the size of a dollar.

We recognize a divine Providence in three specific things:

First, "There had just sprung up," said Mr. Calhoun, in the United States Senate, Jan. 24, 1843, "beyond the Mississippi a really wonderful and almost miraculous growth as if

by magic." The fact that it occurred in Iowa was extremely favorable on account of its accessible location.

"It lies not east nor west,
But like a scroll unfurled
Where the hand of God hath hung it
Down the middle of the world."

Second, We turn to the life of Dr. John C. Holbrook, a superior preacher, to find the record of another providential interposition. He says that he was invited to preach in Burlington, then the largest town in the Territory of Iowa, and an appointment was made for him for the next Sabbath, but he was summoned home by sickness and could not fill the engagement. "Had I done so, I might have settled there instead of in the place that finally became for over twenty years my field of labor." We marvel at the Hand that forbids and welcomes.

Third, At Burlington was Deacon Shackford, superintendent of the Sunday school, who had known Dr. Salter at his ancestral home in Portsmouth, N. H., and it was this boy friend of Dr. Salter's that invited him to visit Burlington to see how he liked it, and thus brought him to the place which made him famous. Says Dr. Salter, "Largely from his partial friendship and in response to letters from his hand I came to Burlington." We trace two other providential interventions. In the light of the result, we can almost admit a tenet of the new school of sociologists, who feel that much springs from environment. Coming in the full use of his social and intellectual powers to the place where the territorial government had held its sessions in the Old Zion church, he came at once to be associated with the great men of the new region. This gave him prestige, local influence, and grip. He performed the last offices for Thomas Cox, president of the Council in the sixth Legislative Assembly of the Territory, and for James Clarke, the last territorial governor. He solemnized the marriage ceremony of three men who became United States senators, James W. Grimes, John H. Gear, both of

whom were governors of Iowa, and William B. Allison, who at the home of Mrs. Grimes, June 5, 1873, married Miss Mary Nealley. James W. Grimes, who was senator throughout the entire period of the Civil War, and who possessed the confidence and respect of the people of Iowa more unreservedly than any other public servant she ever had, had died in 1872. Dr. Salter officiated at their funerals and those of Mrs. Grimes and Mrs. Gear. He took part at the funeral of Charles Mason, the first chief justice of Iowa. George W. Jones, who was one of the first United States senators from Iowa, was his personal friend. Some one has written that Iowa could better afford to lose its capitol than the presence in the State of the celebrated Dodge family. Dr. Salter had the good fortune to enjoy the consideration and regard of Augustus C. Dodge, who was appointed by President Van Buren register of the land office at Burlington, and who removed to that town, which was his home for the rest of his life. Mr. Dodge had the unique experience in the Twenty-seventh Congress of welcoming his father, as delegate from the Territory of Wisconsin, to a seat by his side. It also occurred very singularly that the father and son afterward served together in the congress of the United States as senators, the one from Iowa and the other from the State of Wisconsin.

Dr. Salter also gained great prestige by his service on the field during the Civil War in the Christian Commission. We have a minute daily record of his experiences and observations, which are an independent depository of priceless historic value. He was with General Remick, Col. Abercrombie, Major Perkins, and many others of Burlington at the siege of Atlanta. Gen. O. O. Howard received him kindly at his headquarters. He met Gen. Sherman, who shrugged his shoulders as though a civilian were out of place amid the shock of arms in the "hell of war." These details show that it was instinctive with Dr. Salter to make strong alliances, that his associates were with the great of the earth, and that it was natural for him to take a self-sacrificing part in the thing to be done. In company with Rev. Joseph W. Pickett he visited

the hospitals at Murfreesboro, Nashville, Stevenson, and Chattanooga. By these measures he came into alignment with the 75,519 enlisted men, who made Iowa's name lustrous. Thus he affiliated himself with soldiers who won crimson glories. They never forget that he visited the field where they left a holy acre, marked by hundreds of undistinguishable hillocks. His experiences and services added greatly to his popularity in the State. His influence was further extended and intensified by the attention given him by local papers of such high character as the *Hawk-Eye* and the *Gazette*. The intimacy between Dr. Salter and Father Turner heightened the standing and usefulness of both. Asa Turner in some of his services, gifts, personal attractions, unusual vivacity, and sociability has never been exceeded by any person in Iowa. He lacked little of genius, had mother-wit, a quality much to be coveted, a patriarchal grace of bearing, a strong flavor of personal character, which, with a certain directness of address, gave him, with his relish of real native eloquence, great popular acceptance, and he was revered and beloved by all who knew him in every relation of life.

Dr. Salter, more than once, early visited Wisconsin, and was even urged to transfer his activities to that field. At Mineral Point was Zechariah Eddy, very congenial to Dr. Salter from similarity of tastes and experiences. They both began to preach when extremely young and both were makers of hymn books.*

The firm hold that Dr. Salter took upon men of position, influence, and power in all relations is unparalleled. Many persons will say that a man with such alliances and reinforcements must of course come to successful results, but supporters cannot rally about nothing; where the friendly spirit is, there the friends are gathered together. It takes a strong, dominating personality to hold together such diverse interests and unlike individuals. Men would agree on Dr. Salter and

*Dr. Eddy's migration to the West turned on this incident. At a Sunday evening monthly concert, his church choir sang the chant, "I Cannot Rest, There comes a sweet and secret whisper to my spirit like a dream of night." His heart melted down. The next day he wrote to Dr. Badger of the Home Missionary Society, offering himself for work in the West.

respect him when they did not always agree politically and otherwise among themselves, nor entirely believe in each other. After all, in success, friendship is the largest single asset. Men will sometimes organize a bank because they have a man that they together believe in, and whom they together want to advance. So in a church, a number of prosperous, stalwart men can tremendously gird and strengthen a minister. The sermon preached by Peter at Pentecost was not set out by Peter alone. The effectiveness lay in the fact that it was "Peter standing up *with the eleven*." The men who stood with him were exhibited in what he did.

Burlington was always peculiar in that it was central to so many ties that were remarkable, almost enviable. On Dr. Salter's fortieth anniversary, in a great catalogue of those who made the occasion brilliant, there comes of course Robert J. Burdette, who made himself world-famous by his wit, and who has been not a whit less acceptable as the pastor of a great Baptist church on the Pacific coast. Burlington had the luck to be central in equipping in part John E. Clough for his work which became the cynosure for all eyes in the Lone Star Mission in the Telugu country of India, where, organizing a church of eight members, a nation was born in a day, where a church of fourteen thousand three hundred thirty-eight members were gathered with electric brevity. If a chronicler of events is pressed for an explanation as to why certain cities like Burlington and men like Dr. Salter are accorded such a destiny, he must fall back upon the fact that men like Caesar, Hannibal, and Napoleon have held a belief in their stars, that Moses and Paul recognized a factor not of themselves which we can call Providence. Dr. Salter like the Wise Men from the East followed the star. He was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. In his beginnings, he did not quail at hardship. Undoubtedly, a new country enlarges men's souls and introduces new blood and infuses new life. All honor to the blessed fragrant memory of the Immortal Eleven, whose names are in the Book of Life. Hail to the heroes of the cross who could eschew ease, wealth, and luxury and go forth, upon a work that was to every one of



Mary A. Salter

them a venture of faith, in a spirit of self-denial. Our task is to wipe away the dust from their earlier picture, to retouch it, to reframe it, and to hold it up to men who may admire their fidelity, their sublime faith, their zeal, their early enthusiasm, their devotion. On memory's canvas, many of the lines are already fading. Yet those early scenes and events may be made to retain an almost glowing warmth of color. When the machine was worn out; when the flame which flickered in the lamp of life could no longer be renewed; when a city had become perfectly established; and when the State was no longer an experiment; then the patriarch of Iowa's religious history, who in nearly sixty-eight years had never laid down his pastoral crook, turned his steps and followed his early associates to the land where he would be no pioneer.

HIS OTHER SELF.

The helpfulness of Mrs. Mary A. Salter became as distinct and vital as that of her distinguished husband. No two lives were affiliated more perfectly. They must go down in history together. Their reputations are co-ordinate. They illustrate upon the early ages of the history of Iowa how two lives can be together consecrated and blended in example and service. She was just the one to carry the ideas and ideals of New England and set them up in the beginnings of a new Puritan State. Under just these influences, Iowa came to mean a commonwealth controlled by the very motives and principles which she embodied. To any one who thinks that heroism has become extinct, I point to this young woman, delicately reared, following the husband of her choice to a cramped house in the crude West, accepting joyfully conditions with which she could have had no acquaintance. She welcomed with grace all temporary discomforts in the satisfaction she had in co-operating in laying the foundations of religion and education in a new community. When a member of the class of 1844 at Bradford Academy, from which she graduated, she was characterized as "reserved and dignified in bearing." Being nobly gifted, her new environment unfolded her fine qualities,

and she became an extremely attractive shepherdess to her husband's flock, a great favorite, affable, beautifully kind, urbane, and gracious. She was strong intellectually. She developed great executive ability. She was naturally systematic and orderly. She is remembered by everybody as sweet and placid. She carried from an Eastern home genuine culture and refinement. She adorned her station. Her heart was full of the highest, noblest sentiment. From early life she developed a way of preserving little niceties from her reading, in a book, which is now, as I have it before me, filled with graces of speech, nuggets of wisdom, and beautiful little poems which she was committing to memory. Here is a soul's treasure-house, containing the store of a lifetime. One cannot turn the leaves of this book without stopping to copy. Her own life was another such book. Dr. Salter was proud of her. She doubled his power. She extended his influence. She tremendously reinforced his work.

Their courtship was an extremely happy one. The course of true love in this exceptional case seems to have run smooth. They met first during the summer Dr. Salter left for the West, 1843. They became engaged during his visit to Charlestown, Mass., her home, during the summer of 1845. They were married in the Winthrop church at Charlestown at noon, August 25, 1846, the year Dr. Salter went to Burlington.

The correspondence on both sides during their unmarried days is filled with beauty. Here is a passage from one of his letters: "God will not give. . . ." "Sabbath evening. Here my candle expired last night and not wishing to disturb the family, I retired," suggesting what are famed as the "unfinished sentences" in our best literature.*

Miss Mary A. Mackintire, his fiancée, on her part, writes from her home August 13, 1845, of one of her friends who was away during his visit, and says, when she "received the news that I was engaged and you were gone, she cried." "You can't imagine how the news spread." She writes that her

*One is reminded of Whitefield's lighting a candle in Newburyport to go to his room, and, finding a great company at the door, preaching to them the last night of his life until the candle died in its socket, and of Paul, who "continued his speech until midnight."

brother George said that even the little boys in the street would come to him and want to know about his sister, where she was going, who with, etc. Dr. Salter later wrote the "Life and Letters of Ada R. Parker," a very versatile and talented woman, who was Mrs. Salter's classmate at Bradford.

Here is a picture of Mrs. Salter in her new relations as portrayed by Ada R. Parker in the "Daguerreotypes of Bradford Class of 1844," written in December, 1852: "On the banks of the Mississippi, 'neath the roof of a busy dwelling, sits the good deacon's daughter. A child of three summers plays at her feet, and beside her stands her husband. Tell it not in Gath, my friend, but she is proud of him; for even parsons' wives are not always perfect. But a noble destiny is hers who has left kindred and a precious New England home for a work of love in that far-off valley. It may be that loving hearts are sometimes yearning to win her to their paths again, but call her not back. There let her live and labor in that mighty vineyard; there let her die. And when the 'Father of Waters' shall chant her requiem, may its own busy memories awaken the thought that she too was not an idler; that she did not live in vain."

Having made the matter a subject of investigation, personal inquiry, and large correspondence, and having seen and having known from my earliest recollection the wives of the members of the Iowa Band, I here put down my judgment, weighing my words, that, in intellect, social power, winningness, appreciation of opportunity, and acceptance and favor with the people, they were in no wise inferior to the royal men whose work in Iowa has had such wide acclaim. After religion, they supplied, that of which a new field stands in perishing need, tact. The men had the holy ambition to build and the Heaven-sent women had the divine purpose to cooperate. I know the sentiments in the churches and communities and the responses that will be given to this expression, and it is pleasant to become for a moment the mouthpiece of so united and enthusiastic and grateful a multitude. To speak of these effective, warm-hearted leaders, full of initiative,

mother-wit, and refinement, simply as the wives of the home missionaries, is not to rise high enough to do them justice. The churches where they served will not stand for less than the outright recognition of what they were and what they brought to pass.

The instincts of these high-minded women co-operating with the men toward whom honor has been carried well-nigh up to canonization taught them the use of another force which one needs to have observed in its operation, or to have felt in its results, to appreciate its effectiveness, and that is the power of Christian hospitality. Many people in the West felt themselves to be exiled. From reasons of fortune, in quest of health, or in a spirit of adventure they were making a new start in a new country. From distant parts of the Union, some from New England, and in Burlington many from the South, some even from different quarters of the globe, having diverse habits, accustomed to unlike methods of public worship, these people were assimilated. The home was an alembic. Until I saw its explanation in the new fields of Iowa, I never dreamed the reason why the New Testament so strongly insists upon Christian hospitality. As a force in the West, its value was beyond computation. It is suggestive, in all the Salter correspondence, to observe how frequent are the references to the enjoyment of this hospitality. Dr. Lyman Whiting, a preacher of great reputation, once pastor at Dubuque, came up the river and expected to pass the Sabbath in Burlington at a hotel. Mrs. Salter, he says, would not listen to it. It is suggestive to notice the number of times that both young men and young women, in referring to their life in Dr. Salter's church, refer to the influence and hospitality of his home and the impression made by it.

The efficiency of Dr. and Mrs. Salter was greatly augmented furthermore by the reinforcement which they received from Deacon E. P. Mackintire, Mrs. Salter's father, a prosperous, ardent, benevolent man, whose great heart followed his favorite daughter into a work which had his heartiest Godspeed. It was decided for example, by Dr. Salter and

his associate trustees to erect a building for Iowa College, "which, when inclosed, should not exceed in cost the sum of \$2,000." It was of brick, 35 feet wide by 48 feet long, one story high, and sixteen feet in the clear. It was to stand on the bluff at Davenport, northwest of the courthouse, overlooking the river. It was surmounted on the south end, in front, by a small belfry, in which swung the first college bell in Iowa, presented in 1849 by E. P. Mackintire of Charlestown, Mass.*

In contrasting Dr. Salter's environment with that of his ministerial associates, it is plain that his effectiveness was much increased by the favoring conditions in which he labored. For fifty-eight years he had one fine large place for his study. Its glory was a large open fireplace with plain red bricks for hearth tiles, and here the sermons and the books were composed which make his name immortal. This was the treasure house for the best things in literature accumulated through long and untiring acquisition. The residence was far in advance of the abodes of most of the missionaries when it was built in 1852. It is pleasant to find that Deacon E. P. Mackintire helped him to acquire it with some further help from Dr. Salter's brother, Benjamin, of New York city.

After having occupied the commodious house overlooking a large part of the city of Burlington for forty-one years, "a house not made with hands," by a swift transfer, became Mrs. Salter's home. Like Enoch, she was not, because God took her. There was no long dying. When her life was at its zenith, with every wish about to be fulfilled, suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, her work was done, the chariot of God was waiting, and she took her way suddenly to the world

*When the home missionaries came East, as we find they did, one by one, on visits, they always called on Deacon Mackintire, and when they returned to Iowa they did not go empty-handed. He was profoundly interested in them, and after the custom of the time introduced them to the merchant princes and to the churches, and the reports of their self-sacrificing labors were heard with sympathy and with responsive benevolence. Deacon Mackintire stands for a type in those relations that existed two generations ago, when Boston's merchants so largely supplied the sinews of war for the soldiers of the Cross. When a college or a church needed to be fitted out, some representative would start for Boston, and her consecrated business men made her name a synonym for Christian munificence.

of spirits. A dreadful accident happened between 11:00 and 11:30 o'clock, June 12, 1893. Dr. Salter, Mrs. Salter, Mrs. L. H. Drake, and the latter's daughter, Mrs. C. I. Millard, were driving in Aspen Grove near the south line of the cemetery, in what is known as the "new part," and, within two or three hundred yards of the western limit thereof, the party came upon a number of workmen, engaged in felling a large oak tree that stood about fifteen feet from the side of the driveway, on the south. Dr. Salter, who was driving, drew up his horse and accosted the workmen whom he knew, as was his wont. The conversation had continued several minutes when Henry Berges, Sr., who stood talking to the doctor at the butt of the tree, with one hand resting thereon, felt the tree begin to fall and he called out in warning for the party to drive on quickly. The warning came too late, however, and before any effort to escape could be made, the massive oak with large, spreading branches crashed down upon the surrey, pinning the occupants beneath the enormous weight of the gnarled branches. Mrs. Salter was instantly killed. Mrs. Drake, who sat in the surrey by the side of Mrs. Salter, was uninjured. Mrs. Millard, who was by the side of Mr. Salter, escaped with a wound upon her arm. Mr. Salter received severe injuries that made him utterly helpless at the time and for a month afterward. The workmen were cutting at the tree on the south, with the intent and expectation that it would fall in that direction. Indeed, a line had been made fast to the top of the tree and several attempts had been made to draw it over to the south, but it had stood firm and resisted all such efforts. Why it should then have fallen to the north no one seems able to explain. The south breeze may have borne with sufficient force against the extended top to force it over.

Dr. and Mrs. Salter are greatly honored in their children, who are held in high regard, not only on their parents' account, but on their own. Each has had a vigorous, independent, successful career, and energy is shown in the fact that each has followed a line distinct from the others and

has come to a good result by his individual, native gifts. William Mackintire, an accomplished scholar, having unusual facilities in the University of Goettingen (Germany) and the School of Political Science of Columbia University, was for about twenty-five years a lecturer for the societies for Ethical Culture in Chicago and Philadelphia. He is temporarily a special lecturer for the Department of Philosophy in the University of Chicago. He has published many magazine articles. Among his more important books are *Die Religion der Moral* (Leipzig, 1885), *Moralische Rader* (Leipzig, 1887), *Ethical Religion* (Boston, 1889), *First Steps in Philosophy* (London, 1892), *Anarchy or Government, An Inquiry in Fundamental Politics* (New York, 1895). Sumner Salter has followed the profession of music. He has been organist and choir-master and private teacher in Boston, Syracuse, Cleveland, Atlanta, New York, and Ithaca; and is now the director of music at Williams College, Massachusetts. He has also been editor of *The Pianist and Organist*, a founder of the "American Guild of Organists," and president of the New York State Music Teachers' Association. He has himself written many musical pieces, vocal and instrumental. His wife, Mary Turner Salter, is a well-known singer and composer.

George B. Salter, educated in the Burlington schools and at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., has preferred a business career, and the good results have justified his choice. He has lived in Burlington practically all his life. He is the president of the Salter Clothing Company. He lives in the house in which he and his brothers were born, and where he with his devoted wife gave filial care to Dr. Salter after his great bereavement.

TWO OF DR. SALTER'S SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

At the semicentennial celebration of Dr. Salter's pastorate, in a united service of the Sunday school and the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, Dr. Salter based his address upon the career and qualities of John M. Corse, be-

ginning with the words, "Dear Children: Fifty years ago, there was a boy in this Sunday school eleven years of age." It was he to whom later General Sherman signaled: "Hold fast, we are coming." For at Allatoona, 2,700,000 rations were stored, three weeks' supply for Sherman's whole army, and other stores, and to retain these for the Union army was a question of life or death. Gen. French sent a message to Dr. Salter's Sunday school scholar, demanding his surrender, to "save a needless effusion of blood," and allowed five minutes for deliberation. To which the Sunday school scholar replied that he was ready for the "needless effusion of blood" whenever it was agreeable to General French, and the assault began. After the signaling came: "Tell Allatoona. Hold on. General Sherman says he is working hard for you." General Corse signaled, "My losses are very heavy. Tell me where Sherman is." General Sherman said, "He will hold out. I know the man." Although, as General Corse stated, he was "short a cheek bone and an ear," he had the grit to "hold the fort." This incident gave P. P. Bliss the song, "Hold the Fort For I Am Coming," and fame that went round the world. The vivid imagination of the hymn writer never lost sight of the heroic figure of that Sunday school scholar, gashed in the face and stunned, having lost, too, more than one-third of his command, which was small at the best, imperiled by an entire division of the Confederate army, standing up against such odds. Mr. Bliss, only two nights before his death in the Ashtabula railway disaster, sang one of the last of his compositions, "Hold Fast Till I Come," almost the exact words of one of Sherman's signals to Corse. In Dr. Salter's Sunday school at the same time was a fair and lovely girl, who afterward became General Corse's wife.

To this same celebration of the semicentennial of Dr. Salter's pastorate, came a letter from Major S. H. M. Byers, who as a barefooted boy attended Dr. Salter's Sunday school in 1851. Major Byers is the author of the great war song, which gave the name to the campaign, "Sherman's March to the

Sea." A million copies of the song have been sold. It is known everywhere. The experiences of Major Byers in Confederate prisons, as told by him in articles in magazines and in lectures, have thrilled the country. He found himself at Macon in a sand-pen, two acres in extent, surrounded by a stockade, twelve feet high, on top of which sentries were placed. Twelve feet inside of the stockade was the dead-line, crossing which, any prisoner would be instantly shot without challenge.

To Major Byers more than to any other man can be traced the fact that, in the matter of state pride, Iowa exceeds all commonwealths in the Union, except two, and that she has more nationality in her patriotism than is usual. She has steadily refused to have a State flag, being content to be one star in the one flag of the nation. He who had been the barefooted boy in Dr. Salter's Sunday school wrote a song for Iowa, which has been adopted by the General Assembly and by over two hundred colleges and schools. The use of this song, with certain other specific influences, has greatly inflamed State pride in the hearts of the young.

"You ask what land I love the best,
Iowa, 'tis Iowa.
The fairest state of all the West,
Iowa, O! Iowa.
From yonder Mississippi's stream
To where Missouri's waters gleam,
O! fair it is as poet's dream,
Iowa, in Iowa."

Major Byers, who also wrote the pearl of all books of travel, "Switzerland and the Swiss," boasted that he still owned a Testament which was given him in Dr. Salter's Sunday school for committing Bible verses to memory.

THE RENOWNED BIG STICK OF IOWA.

In Dr. Salter's library stood a treasured memento of the Iowa Band that became with the rise and fall of the years a great asset. It was originally the gift of an ardent admirer and personal friend, Dr. James Taylor of Ottumwa, to

Rev. B. A. Spaulding, a member of the Iowa Band, as an expression of esteem, in 1864. Three years later when he died, it was found that he had willed the silver-headed, silver feruled cane to the eldest surviving member of the Iowa Band, with the request that it be passed on, at death, to the oldest survivor in that company. From Mr. Spaulding it went to Daniel Lane, who retained it for twenty-three years. From him, it passed to Harvey Adams; then to A. B. Robbins, who had it for only three months. In the same year it reached Ephraim Adams, who retained it eleven years, when it fell to the sole survivor of the illustrious company, Dr. William Salter, whose it was until Monday, August 15, 1910. It was then transferred to its permanent enshrinement among the precious relics and memorabilia of the Iowa Band in the college at Grinnell. Upon the cane are now inscribed six names. The name of the first owner is engraved upon the head plate:

B. A. Spaulding, 1864.

Died March 31, 1867.

Just below the top of the cane is set a silver scroll, upon which appear the other five names:

D. Lane. Died April 3, 1890.

H. Adams. Died Sept. 23, 1896.

A. B. Robbins. Died Dec. 27, 1896.

E. Adams. Died Nov. 30, 1907.

W. Salter. Died Aug. 15, 1910.

With what tenderness and suggestiveness, Dr. Salter must often have regarded that black ebony stick that stood in his study waiting for its last inscription. The precious memento was usually delivered at the funeral of its last possessor to its new owner. Only once was this ceremonial interrupted and that was with the death of its second possessor, Dr. Lane, who died in Freeport, Maine, and by reason of the infirmities incident to his more than eighty-seven years Dr. Harvey Adams was unable to make the journey as usually was done to receive it. In every other case, it was solemnly, tearfully,

religiously passed along in a little ceremonial so affecting that the eyes of all who witnessed it were suffused with tears.

TRIBUTES ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

When Dr. Salter had completed forty-five years of continuous ministry, he carefully reviewed his work and the growth of the church, and at the conclusion of his sermon gave his hearers a painful surprise by reading his formal letter of resignation. The scene which followed was touching in the extreme, but was so spontaneous and genuine that it must have deeply impressed the good man and made him feel how dear he was to the hearts of his people. The realization that he felt that weight and cares of years, and need of rest, gave to all a sense of sincere regret, and the love and respect felt for him showed itself unrestrainedly, many of the audience being visibly affected. The good doctor gave, as his reason for this step, the fact that with that year's service he would round out man's allotted space, the threescore years and ten which are appointed unto us, and that having had the loyal and loving support of his congregation through so many years, and feeling his strength unequal to his tasks, thought it fitting that the burden should fall on younger shoulders. It was freely and openly stated, however, by those who had heard the letter that the resignation would never be accepted, one going so far as to say that such a thing would not seriously be considered at all. If anything could breathe a stronger spirit of love and veneration than the resolutions of the trustees which follow, we know not where to find it in the history of our denomination or of the church in general.

Whereas, Mr. John W. Gilbert, president of the board of trustees of the Congregational church and society, has submitted to the board a letter of resignation from Dr. William Salter, as pastor of this church, therefore be it

Resolved, That it is with feelings of sadness we are called upon to meet this question. Recognizing the truth expressed in our beloved pastor's letter that he has nearly reached the allotted years of human life, we feel that the labors of the pastoral care of this church have begun to be greater than we should ask him to sustain

unaided and alone; witnessing his constant growth in mental and moral force and in the power of the Holy Spirit, feeling that at no time in his long pastorate have we been more bountifully supplied by him, intellectually and spiritually, than now, that the added years are but adding grace and beauty to his ministry, we have failed to note the physical impairment which he names in his letter. To relieve him of labors too heavy for the bodily weakness incident to advancing years, we will join with him in selecting an assistant to relieve him of part of those burdens; but it is our earnest and unanimous desire that he continue to be the pastor of this church during the remainder of his natural life, with full responsibility and undiminished authority. The withdrawal of his resignation is the unanimous desire of the trustees. We feel that the church and society will be unable to sustain any different relations with our minister; that we must ask for the guidance and the beneficent influence of the remainder of that life, of which the larger part has been already spent for our advantage; that receiving not only from this city and this congregation, that love and reverence which should accompany such an old age, he will to the end, as our pastor, exemplify to us the worship of God in the beauty of holiness.

J. W. GILBERT.

ROBERT DONAHUE.

THOMAS HEDGE.

LUKE PALMER, JR.

THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION OF BURLINGTON: *Whereas*, The present closes the fiftieth year of Dr. William Salter's pastorate in the Congregational Church of Burlington, it is the pleasing duty of his brethren in the ministry to make acknowledgment of his eminent service in the ministry and his abiding influence upon the community. It is safe to say that Dr. Salter has held personal acquaintance with every minister, if not every priest, serving in the city during these fifty years. It goes without saying also that he probably knows personally more of our citizens than any other man in our midst.

Honored and beloved by all, it is a matter of gratitude to us who now are serving with him in the ministry to testify to the correctness of this universal praise.

W. H. TRAEGER,

P. B. HOLTGREVE,

S. C. BRONSON,

Committee.

PHILIP M. CRAPO: I should not know where to turn to another life so full of good works and sympathy.

SENATOR JOHN H. GEAR: Dr. Salter is to me a near and dear friend, as he is to every early settler in our town. He married me and my children and baptized them. Every person who has known him all these years knows how good he is, how unselfish and sympathetic. All through the fifty years of his pastorate he has been not only a beloved pastor in his church, but an honored citizen, endearing himself to all who came in contact with him.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE: Your letter finds me a restless comet among the clear shining stars that keep their orbits, and makes me wish that I had more control over my erratic movements. I have been a parishioner of Dr. Salter's nearly half of his glorious ministry in Iowa; ever since '72. One of the first hands stretched out to welcome me was Dr. Salter's. One of the pleasantest homes we loved to visit was the Congregational parsonage.

REV. L. F. BERRY, OTTUMWA: You simply began young and have kept young through the half century. I remember how impressed I was, the first time I sat in your study, by the thought that there in effect, if not in real fact, one man had wrought through a longer period than I had lived.

MRS. E. J. LANE, FREEPORT, ILLS: I can never forget the visits from time to time of my husband and myself to the charming home of Dr. Salter, and the warm, cordial welcome given us by him and his sweet, gentle wife of precious memory, who has since gone to rest.

ISAAC AND CHARLOTTE LEONARD, IONA, N. J.: Mrs. Leonard and myself have a distinct remembrance of your first sermon of fifty years ago, and were pleased with it.

RICHARD SALTER STORRS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.: You and I are not connected by blood, though my father's name and my grandfather's, as well as my own, came from Dr. Richard Salter, pastor of the church at Mansfield, a man of singular learning for his time, of excellent family, a benefactor of Yale College, though himself a graduate of Harvard. My greatgrandfather had been assisted in his education by Dr. Salter, and afterward received from him a considerable gift of books from his library. He, in affectionate honor to Dr. Salter, gave the name to his oldest son, my grandfather, from whom it has descended to me. But the relation between Rev. Dr. Salter and Rev. John Storrs was of friendship and affection only and did not involve kinship. I have always rejoiced, however, to see your name in connection with the many important movements

with which you have been identified, and especially in connection with the growth of the church in Burlington, and to have recalled to me the ancient tie of love between the Salters and Storrs. We have not met often in life here; I hope our mansions will not be far from each other in the greater and lovelier life beyond. With hearty congratulations and affectionate regard.

REV. JAMES L. HILL, SALEM, MASS.: It is coming to be a canon in the church: when you see a man who has held strongly the same pulpit for ten years, take off your hat to him. To this rule I offer this amendment: When you meet a clergyman who has been in the same pastorate fifty years, carry your hat in your hand. I want to join the ranks of those who honor you. I recall the Scripture, "Thine own friend and thy father's friend, forsake not." You have witnessed a good confession; your path has lain in the sun.

FROM THE ADDRESS OF A. C. HUTCHINSON: For full fifty years he has been the recipient of the warm affection of a loyal and devoted membership. As the city has enlarged, he has taken deep interest in every enterprise of a public character. He has seen the city grow from small beginnings, years before any railway connections with the outside world had been considered, to its present proportions with railroads diverging in every direction. He has seen the city gridironed with tracks for street-car traffic, making quick intercommunication with every part of it easy and comfortable by the unseen and incomprehensible power of that subtle fluid that no man dares touch and yet which is made submissive to our every wish.

FROM THE ADDRESS OF THOMAS HEDGE: I do not know my native place apart from the Reverend William Salter. The benignant presence, the clear-cut, resolute face of the young minister, was as real a part of the environment of my childhood as were the wooded hills or the shining rivers. As I said, books were few. We used to read the New Testament, and we unsophisticated children thought the words, "There was a man sent from God," described some such man as he. With the added experience of fifty years and acquaintance with many men, those of us still living know no better now.

FROM THE ADDRESS OF ROBERT DONAHUE: For forty years I have been an observer and an admirer of Dr. Salter and his work in this community. His pastorate has not been confined to this church and society. He has been the ideal pastor of this city and township. I venture the assertion that there was not a man, woman or child over ten years of age, between 1860 and 1870, in this township who did not personally know and revere him. On the fourth day of July, 1863, Grimes's Hall was crowded with citizens for a Fourth of July celebration. For more than two years, the war had been prose-

cuted with many discouragements. Many brave soldiers had given their lives; many more had been wounded, the odds were generally against the Union forces. In the midst of our celebration news came over the wires of the two great victories, at Gettysburg and Vicksburg. All over the loyal States the patriotic enthusiasm was at its height, and nowhere was it greater than in our city. The program was for a number of speakers, and consequently they were limited as to time. Among the number was our patriotic old pastor. When his name was called, his face shone; joy beamed on his countenance with the inspiring news, his whole being overflowed with fervor, and he made that day, I thought and have always thought since, the speech of his life. As I have said, there being many speakers, time was limited, and just as he had gotten fairly launched in his speech the chair rapped time. Immediately from all over that great audience came the call, "Go on," and inspired by the occasion he went on for thirty minutes in perhaps the most patriotic address ever delivered in Burlington. Dr. Salter has ever been known in this community as a modest, unobtrusive, quiet man, not interfering ordinarily in public matters, but when he did take part, when there was a principle at stake, there was no misunderstanding where he was to be found.

From a letter of Gov. ALBERT B. CUMMINS: I cannot allow the moment to go by without expressing to you my appreciation of the wonderful influence that you have exerted for the benefit of mankind. Your life covers the most important age in the history of the world. You have seen the mightiest nation on earth grow from obscurity to power. You have witnessed a complete revolution in commerce and industry.

These things are noteworthy, but they are not so vital as the lesson of your own life. I wish that what you have done and what you have said could be known to every boy and girl in our State.

I sincerely hope that you may be spared yet many years to bless the commonwealth of which you have been so helpful a citizen, and the church in which you have been so efficient a worker.

CHARLES ALDRICH, CURATOR STATE HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT: It has long seemed to me that you are the most fortunate man I have ever known—standing among the highest in your sacred profession; beloved and honored by the people of this great State and by thousands throughout the country; one whose every acquaintance is a personal friend; the idol of affectionate children—and, possibly better than all else, inestimably blessed in your own splendid mental qualities and characteristics. Some old poet wrote:

"My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all human bliss"

You can well say this of yourself. Your life has been so useful, and in so many directions. Your name is permanently connected with the history of our State. You will leave a nobler heritage than great wealth. It is among my most precious memories that I have known you so well, receiving from you such valuable aid in my work and such expression of abiding friendship. I am glad that you have lived thus long.

G. S. F. SAVAGE: I have long prized your friendship and the fellowship which I have been privileged to have with you from time to time since we were secretaries together at the meeting in 1854, which founded our beloved Chicago Theological Seminary. As pioneers in the ministry of these great commonwealths of Iowa and Illinois, we have had many experiences alike, in witnessing the marvelous developments in church and state which have taken place, and have had some part in planting churches and institutions which are to live and bless the world after we have passed away. I am especially grateful that I was privileged to come to this western field at an early day when foundations of future growth and prosperity were being laid. You preceded me four years, and have been greatly blessed in the work which you have done."

When Dr. Salter had attained his fourscore years, Rev. Robert L. Marsh, in an interview in the Hawk-Eye, paid him this homage:

If there is a single person within the realm of his acquaintance who has any other than a kind word to speak of him that person has yet to be heard from. This is the more remarkable since he is well known as a man of positive convictions and of great strength and tenacity of purpose. The high regard in which he is held can doubtless be attributed chiefly to two causes: First, his breadth of human sympathy, which has given him a catholicity of view, saved him from harsh judgment upon those who have differed from him, and enabled him to recognize the good in every form or creed and in every individual; second, his success is to be attributed to his tact and wisdom. He has known how to yield gracefully when it was impossible to have his way, and has felt as kindly when defeated as when successful.

Dr. Salter's perfect accuracy of memory and genius for details are matters of frequent comment by those who know him best. His word is final among them upon any question of history or date.

BURLINGTON HAWK-EYE: A fine compliment has been paid the Rev. William Salter by the Historical Department of Iowa. The original manuscript of his address in the State Historical Art Gallery, May 7, 1902, on the occasion of presenting Louis Mayer's portrait of the Honorable Francis Springer, president of the Iowa Constitutional Convention of 1857, has been mounted in pages and bound in beautiful covers. The binding is red morocco, embossed in gilt, with ornamental corners in gilt and blue, with title inscription. The volume contains portraits and the autographs of Dr. Salter and Judge Springer, and a letter of the former of April 21, 1902, to Mr. Arthur Springer, of Wapello, accepting the invitation to deliver the address.

By no means the least attractive feature of the volume, in an artistic sense, is the beautiful manuscript itself. Dr. Salter's writing is almost like a copper plate etching, as clear and distinct as if engraved in relief work.

But however marked a feature is the doctor's penmanship, the subject-matter and his treatment of the theme, give the volume its historical value. Dr. Salter is a terse, vigorous writer; every sentence is replete with fact and sentiment pertinent to the theme. Few if any writers in Iowa have a finer diction. There is no surplusage of words, there are no "vain repetitions," and there is no striving for rhetorical effect in his public addresses. For a taste we quote a single sentence. "Today time rolls back the curtains, and we stand in the presence of those who reclaimed the wilderness, and turned the wild and inhospitable prairie, an Indian hunting-ground, the scene of many a savage contest, into cultured fields and smiling villages and happy homes." The volume of manuscript has been placed in the "Aldrich Collections" of manuscripts of prominent Iowans and eminent Americans—a collection in which the venerable curator, Hon. Charles Aldrich, takes a deep personal pride,—a pride shared by his fellow citizens because they recognize in it the splendid service he has rendered the State of Iowa and the broader field of American history and biography. It is, indeed, a beautiful service Mr. Aldrich has rendered the State and in all his years of enthusiastic endeavor he has had no warmer, more constant personal friend and co-laborer than William Salter, of Burlington.

CEREMONIES AT THE UNVEILING OF DR. SALTER'S PORTRAIT.

The portrait of Dr. Salter in the Historical Department of Iowa at Des Moines was unveiled on November 24, 1902. It is a painting in oil by Louis Mayer, the gift of the following Burlington people, friends of Dr. Salter: Mr. and Mrs.

Charles E. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Squires, Mr. and Mrs. William Carson, Mrs. H. C. Lasell, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rand, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Higbee, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hedge, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blythe and Mr. and Mrs. Philip M. Crapo.

The presentation was marked by simple but impressive exercises. The portrait was presented to the Historical Department of Iowa in the art room of the Historical Building. It was the gift of citizens of Burlington. The address of presentation was made by Hon. Frank Springer of Las Vegas, New Mexico, son of Judge Francis Springer, who was a close friend of Dr. Salter. Governor Cummins accepted the portrait on behalf of the State. Dr. A. L. Frisbie of Plymouth Congregational church, in Des Moines, presided.

FROM THE ADDRESS OF FRANK SPRINGER: It does not require the softening touch of time, nor the chastening hand of death, to round off the career of William Salter, so that we may justly characterize or fittingly commemorate it. His sixty years of citizenship of the State, marshaling for us their memories of a blameless life, come forward as witnesses, and we point to them as the reasons why we are here today. In the evening of a grand and useful life, when the shadows are beginning to lengthen, and while he looks with calmness upon the low descending sun, he is engaged in finishing in the vigor of an intellect which his eighty years have scarcely dimmed, and with all the enthusiasm of earlier days, a history of the State he has loved and honored so long. His life spent in the pursuit and practice of his sacred calling represents the history of Iowa. He was a part of it. He helped to make it, and he is better qualified to relate it for the benefit of those coming after than any man now living. These reflections come unbidden in the presence of these reminders of the men who made this splendid community. As for eulogy, it would be difficult to portray in words the deep and abiding affection which exists for this venerable man in the hearts of those to whom and to whose people he has ministered, in their joys and in their sorrows, for more than half a century. I speak not merely of those who were members of his own congregation. His influence and his good works were never confined to such narrow limits. He belonged to the people of Iowa. Wherever there were wounded hearts to heal, or darkened souls to be cheered by the light of hope; wherever the poor in spirit were to be comforted; wherever the friendless needed recognition or encouragement, there he was to be found. What their creed was

he never stopped to inquire. In war and in peace, to the camp and to the hearthstone, he has brought to grateful thousands of Iowa's best and noblest sons and daughters the consolations not only of religion but of charity not bounded by any church or creed, but broad as the precepts of his divine Master. There is scarcely a family in southeastern Iowa, among the pioneers who bullded the State and their descendants, to whom, at some time and in some way, his words have not been a comfort and his presence a benediction.

Foremost in all good works; a friend of liberal education; a promoter of learning in its broadest sense; an outspoken champion of right principles wherever right and wrong joined issue; his example has been a blessing to his fellow men, and his life an honor to the State.

As a slight evidence of the affection and honor in which they hold him, the citizens of Burlington have caused to be executed a faithful portrait of Dr. Salter as he appears today. No eulogy that I could pronounce would be half so eloquent or significant as this testimonial, coming as it does from his fellow citizens who claim him as peculiarly their own. The donors of this picture have delegated to me the pleasing office of presenting it to the state. I esteem it a high privilege and an honor to be thus associated with them and in their company to feel myself, for the moment, a citizen of Iowa again.

And therefore, sir, on behalf of the people of Burlington and of the thousands of others who will be gratified by the event, I tender this portrait for your acceptance as the property of the State hoping that it may find a worthy place in the Pantheon of her great men.

Governor Cummins, in a brief address of acceptance, said the significance of the occasion was to be found not in what was said here, but in what was remembered and in the resolutions formed for a broader and better life and a higher and better citizenship. He referred to a statement recently made to him by Dr. Gunsaulus that it was accepted by all students that the people of Iowa combined more of the qualities of good citizenship than the people of any other State in the union. "Somebody gave us the impulse in the years gone by, that still keeps us true to the doctrines of good life, good morals, and good government. Who gave us this impulse? Dr. Salter and his associates of the formative period of the

State. I believe the men and women of this generation ought to be forever grateful for the instruction, the spirit that has come down to us from those former times. It is fitting that we should express in the manner we are today the gratitude that must fill every loyal heart."

Curator Aldrich, following Governor Cummins' remarks, read letters of regret, among which was one from Judge Walter I. Babb, who wrote: "He is one of the distinguished pioneers of Iowa, who has done much to give it the character and enviable position it holds today in the sisterhood of States, and it is certainly fit that his face and memory should thus be preserved."

Dr. Salter himself did not attend the exercises, largely out of feelings of delicacy. Dr. Frisbie said Burlington had never sent out a delegation on a better mission than it had the one present at these ceremonies, and that it was "a sweetly grateful thing" thus to do honor to Dr. Salter, their esteemed fellow citizen.

AT THE END.

THE CITY COUNCIL OF BURLINGTON (at a special meeting): It is ordered that a record be made of the general appreciation by our people of the successful life and high character of the late Rev. William Salter, D. D., who died in this city on the fifteenth day of August, aged eighty-eight years, after a residence in this community of more than sixty-three years. During this long period he has continuously taught good morals and sound principles, both by precept and example. This teaching immeasurably promoted the welfare of the community in which he dwelt, and its effects will be felt by coming generations. As a mark of respect to his memory it is further ordered that the city offices be closed at the time of his funeral.

JUDGE LUKE PALMER: He stamped his character upon this community and exalted its sense of honor and of justice. He did not neglect the humbler virtues. He was frugal without parsimony, hospitable without ostentation, modest without diffidence. His social and family life were ideal and his children honor his memory and are an honor to him. His life was a full one and was varied with a brief service in the United States army as chaplain during the Civil War.

THOMAS HEDGE: His capacity for work was marvelous. In his pursuit of learning he was unwearying as "the unwearied sun." Of tenacious memory his store of learning increased beyond our finding out. His story of the Territory of Iowa, finished on the day he became eighty years of age, is standard authority, as is his life of Governor Grimes and every other paper he ever published on an historical subject. Verily, this persistent mental activity and industry has its reward. "The sound mind" he so often spoke of was given him to the end. We are all witnesses that in these last days he was wont to give us the sum of the whole matter in his benediction.

His ways were ways of pleasantness. In all his intercourse formal or casual, he was the flower of courtesy. He was stately in his simplicity, easy in his dignity and "as the greatest only are," accessible and companionable. Of course all men loved him and at last named him "First."

It was a summer Sunday morning, there was a large congregation. During the prayer a restless child disturbed the quiet and was not only distressing its mother but distributing a wave of fretfulness over us all, when we heard the gentle voice of our minister, "We thank thee, Lord, that the voices of children may still be heard in thy temple." Immediately there was a great calm, a feeling of peace not unmixed with penitence took possession of us, and even the little child was still.

W. W. BALDWIN (for many years associate of Dr. Salter on the Board of Trustees of the Free Public Library): Dr. Salter was not only born into an atmosphere of goodness, but with the mind of a student, a great capacity for acquiring knowledge, a most retentive memory, and with habits of persistent industry. The cultivation of these native qualities developed the scholar, the preacher and the useful citizen.

The ambition of youth and the desire for doing good led him to enlist these really noble qualities and capabilities in the work of developing this western region, whose growth and prosperity since that day have been a constantly rising tide.

I think that he became passionately fond of the people of the West, as such, and was proud to be identified with them. When drawn into war, as they were by the necessity of preserving the Union he was with them heart and soul, and his attitude and appeals to patriotism were a great inspiration.

But his experience at the front, on the sanitary commission, during Sherman's bloody campaigns, effectually sickened him of war as a means of settling men's disputes, and he became ever afterwards a consistent advocate of peace and arbitration. He was a preacher of peace among men.

He wrote what is regarded as far and away the best history of Iowa prior to its admission into the Union, and his "Life of Grimes" is the best piece of biographical work which this state has thus far produced.

We cannot all devote our lives to study and scholarship, to teaching and preaching. Men must plow and sow; and gather into barns. Houses must be built, mills and factories must be operated, and the ships of commerce and the wheels of transportation must move or the constantly increasing millions will starve.

But how fortunate it is for the world that so many of those whose days are set apart to preach and advise and instruct have the mind that was in the friend we now so universally and sincerely mourn—the deeply religious mind, the patriotic mind, the sensible mind.

It is not for me to discuss his qualities as a minister of the Gospel, but he possessed two characteristics which especially impressed many—his sense of the fitness of things to say and of the place to say them, and the broad spirit of tolerance which was a part of everything that he said and did. These were conspicuous.

He always seemed to know how to say the right thing and never to say too much. He reflected before he spoke and always knew what he was going to say.

He unquestionably was a man greatly endeared to men of all classes and creeds—all parties and all occupations in this community where he lived so long.

One reason for this was the consistency of his life with his profession of what is the proper way to live. He taught piety and was himself pious; he taught patriotism and was himself patriotic; he enjoined frugality and lived the plain and simple life; he preached temperance and was abstemiously temperate; he advocated tolerance, and never sought to impose his particular form of belief upon any other man.

REV. NABOTH OSBORNE (successor to Dr. Salter as pastor of the Congregational church in Burlington): He would speak familiarly of having heard Henry Clay and Daniel Webster in his native city; he conducted a station on the underground railway before the war; he entertained Horace Bushnell, the New England theologian, when he was in Burlington; he introduced Emerson when that genial philosopher spoke first in Burlington; and he was one of those who welcomed Lincoln the only time he ever appeared in Burlington. He had in him the spirit of the pioneer. I cannot get over it that when I was born he had already been pastor of this church twenty-five years. Life for all of us is an investment. Some men crossed the Mississippi and invested their lives in commercial enterprise,

and this is good, for where there is no work men will not come to live. Such men build or make great cities with work for thousands of wage-earners. This great soul invested his influence in the intellectual, moral and spiritual life of a city.

DR. FRANK N. WHITE (formerly associated with Dr. Salter in the pastorate at Burlington): Prophet, priest, pastor, friend, man of letters, student, historian, citizen, and conspicuous in each capacity, only many men of many minds, varied vision and rich gifts of speech could begin to compass and express the significance of this monumental career. I mention first in order of time, though by no means of chief importance, his wonderful literary gift. What an adept he was in word-craft! What an unerring instinct for the apt and final word! What a poetic sense of fine distinction of color and tone values in language! What variety and freshness in the couching of thought, despite the drain and strain of two generations of public service in one place! He seemed dowered with an all but superhuman power of expression. His divination of the happy phrase suggested at times the swift insight of genius.

There is more here than mere art. In fact, in Dr. Salter's case it does not occur to one to think of art. There is something incongruous in mentioning his beauty of literary style in the same breath with art. If art there was, it was that rare kind of art that conceals art—his choice of word and phrase seemed so natural and spontaneous. You search in vain for an explanation so long as you stop short of the moral quality of it all. It rooted itself in enduring traits of character. His mind went straight to the inevitable word because his life moved in straight lines. Purity of style was born in whiteness of soul. Word-craft was no craft in either sense of that word of double meaning; it was the efflorescence of nature that put itself forth in beauty as the apple tree breaks into blossom in spring, as the sun and moon "rain out their beams" and as the rivers run down to the sea.

Another trait was guilelessness. For the final quality of which I wish to speak, I find myself at loss for the single word. In fact there is no single word to compass it. I am thinking of that quality or harmony of qualities that made him the superlatively imperial personality of the community for sixty-four years. He was not so much the representative man of the city as its creative and shaping spirit. The impress of his character was phenomenal and dominating.

I am thinking of his goodness. Almost involuntarily, so much of a habit had it become, the man on the street spoke of "Good Dr. Salter." It is a mighty thing in these days of the critical habit,

when suspicion is rife and cynicism holds high carnival, that one man should stand out a community's acknowledged, though uncrowned, king, with the title of "William the Good."

I am thinking of his poise, which is peace "played one octave higher." Who shall tell—as a single item in his varied ministry—the untold and untellable comfort he brought in more than six decades of service, as he prayed with the sick and dying, as he drew stricken hearts into comradeship with the Comforter and as he spoke tender words of appreciation and solace over the dead? He had the freedom of a thousand homes. Doors opened to his touch as they open to the sunshine, the breezes and the fragrance of June.

REV. B. F. MARTIN: Dr. Salter was interested in having a good, clean town and aggressive city. He was a father to the young men. People have said, "If I could only have lived the life of Dr. Salter." His life reached out like the roots of a great tree into the city, the State and the great Mississippi valley.

REV. CHARLES E. PERKINS, KEOSAUQUA: When a man lives a lifetime in one community his fame increasing as his years increase, and the love of him keeping even pace with the fame, it means that the popular judgment has made no mistake; means that the common verdict will undergo no reversal. I like to think of Dr. Salter as the scholar among his books. The pulpit, and particularly this pulpit, was his throne, but his library also was a place of power. And those sermons, judging from the considerable number which I have read, were no ordinary productions. Among other excellences, they had the fine quality of real literature. He was a purist in the use of words, never making a false choice. Had Dr. Salter not been a parish minister and an unmitered bishop of his city, he might have figured and probably would have figured among the great historians. Nothing was lacking in his equipment.

REV. T. O. DOUGLASS, GRINNELL: The whole State, without distinction of denomination, claims Dr. Salter, and has honored him as one of her distinguished citizens. But in an especial manner he belongs to us of the Congregational household. Hundreds of his brethren in the ministry and thousands of the members of our churches, are with you in spirit to lay down their tributes of honor and love at the feet of this great and good man. To me one of the most impressive of Dr. Salter's characteristics was his cordiality.

Well do I remember the thrill of that first hand-shake over forty years ago as he welcomed me to the work in Iowa. The great Dr. Salter, so kind, so cordial, so hearty.

Beside the tribute of Dr. Douglass, whose life work has been the superintendency of Home Missions in Iowa, we have in a letter to the family the following expression from Rev. J. B. Clark, D. D., who down to old age served as secretary of the National Home Missionary Society, the organization that first sent Dr. Salter to the territory:

The death of Dr. William Salter will seem to all who knew and loved him well, more like a coronation. I have often quoted your father's life and toil of the Home Missionary pioneer. He has survived not only all members of the glorious Iowa Band, but most of his contemporaries in and out of the ministry. It was like your father to remember the Society in his will. We have always had joy in his gifts.

MR. JAMES HAGERTY: Dr. Salter denied the right of one man to own another human being when property in man was as legal and legitimate as speculation in land or dealing in property purchased by labor. He hated bigotry and intolerance at a time in which churches and convents were being destroyed and priests tarred and feathered, and the "Dutch and Irish" hunted as game by patriotic Americans. He lived to see the fullest tolerance accorded to differences of opinion and to work for complete equality before the law for all, irrespective of color, sex or condition.

MR. FRANK C. NORTON: The love and admiration of this beautiful character grew stronger with years until today there is no man I hold in higher esteem than I hold him, and in saying this I voice the sentiments of the entire Catholic population. Dr. Salter's relationship with the Catholic people of Burlington and close association with the pastors of St. Paul's church, have always been of the most friendly character. I recall many occasions hearing him speak from the same platform with Fathers Gunn, Lowrey and Mackin, always having in view the highest of all ideals, the elevation of mankind.

REV. E. H. WARING, OF OSKALOOSA: Believing it to be the duty of the American people to preserve the nation and to make it really free, he was a hearty supporter of the government in its efforts to subdue the Rebellion. I was a pastor in the city during the worst period of the bloody strife, and had frequent occasion to know of his fidelity and earnestness in the Union cause. And neither pen nor voice was held back from its support. One occasion that showed his spirit occurs to me now. One of the churches in the city, and a prominent one, was cursed at the time with a Copperhead preacher. There were then frequent occasions for public services in the interest of the Union, and the rule adopted by the ministers of the several churches of the city was that each

one should take charge of the service in order of seniority. But we had never been able to get this off-preacher to respond. At length the country was thrilled with the news of the surrender of Vicksburg and the defeat of Lee at Gettysburg. Arrangements were at once made for a fitting celebration of the victories in Burlington. A religious service was appointed at the Congregational church in the daytime, and an illumination and procession at night. The ministers, in making the arrangement for the day service, proceeded to select the principal speaker, and one of the loyal ministers was nominated. But to this I objected. I said that I thought this was the fitting time to make the suspected preacher show his hand, and I suggested that, though he was not present, he should be named with the understanding that, if he did not respond, Dr. Salter and others of us should fill the time. This was done, and when the hour arrived for the service, and a great crowd was gathered, to our surprise the preacher was on hand. I forget the text, but the screed he delivered was worse than anything in the Lamentations. He had nothing to say about the rebels or slavery, and less about the Union. The crimes of New York and other cities, and the general demoralization of the North was dwelt upon and the fearful devastation of the South by the national forces. It was the wettest of all the wet blankets ever thrown over an audience. All hung their heads; some retired. But when the discourse was ended, the preacher had hardly got away from the stand before Dr. Salter literally jumped to the front, and without any reference to what had been said, began a fervent, patriotic address such as he knew well how to make. He referred to the long and anxious wait for the taking of the western stronghold; to the effect that would follow the cutting of the Confederacy in two and the opening of the great river to free commerce and navigation; to the intense anxiety as to the results of Lee's invasion of the North, made more acute by the feeling that, in their practically defenseless condition, neither Philadelphia, Baltimore nor Washington was safe; while the uncertainty was increased by the appointment of a new and comparatively untried commander of the Union army on the eve of battle. He pictured the bravery of the men at the front and the certainty that, by a vigorous following up of these great achievements, the safety of the nation was secure. All through there was a succession of vociferous cheers; hats were thrown up in all parts of the room and men hugged each other for joy. No further speaking was needed and the audience was dismissed. And as one result the disloyal preacher resigned and a loyal man took his place. William Salter was a good, a great and a glorious man, one of those who shall be in "everlasting remembrance."

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